The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

T R Bannerman
716 20th
jly 30 94

VOL. I. NO. 19 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

History of the Apparition to a Sister of Charity.

ITS WONDERS RECOGNIZED.

Pope Leo Recognizes the Manifestations to a Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul.

Our Holy Father Leo XIII. while erecting into a feast the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes has not been unmindful of her manifestation to a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul at Paris in 1830. Accordingly in July, 1894, he juridically recognized the above manifestation and instituted in its honor a special feast, granting a proper Mass and office. The children of St. Vincent in appreciation of this favor were ordered by their superior general to fittingly commemorate the event by a solemn triduum on Nov. 25, 26 and 27.

The history of the manifestation is as follows: Among the Sisters of Charity in the mother house at Paris in 1830 was Sister Catharine Laboure. Filled from her infancy with a tender devotion to Mary Immaculate, she had often desired to see the Blessed Virgin and had frequentiy implored her guardian angel to obtain for her this favor. At 11:30 P. M. on the 18th of July, 1830, the eve of the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, Sister Catharine was aroused from her sleep by hearing her name distinctly called three times. A child, apparently four or five years of age and of ravishing beauty, stood near her bed and said to her: "Come to the chapel; the Blessed Virgin awaits you." The Sister hesitated at first, but finally consented and followed the child to the sanctuary. Soon a beautiful lady entered and took her seat in the place ordinarily occupied by the director.

"Can this be the Blessed Virgin?" thought Sister Catharine.

Being assured by the child that it was she the Sister throws herself at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, who thus spoke to her:

"My child, I am going to charge you with a mission. You will have to suffer many trials on account of it, but you will surmount them, knowing that you endure them for the glory of the good God."

After telling the troubles which were soon to come upon France, she continued:

"Do not fear; I shall be with you. You will acknowledge in my visit the protection of God and that of St. Vincent upon the two communities."

This manifestation was but the preparation for a more important one.

On November 27th of the same year the Blessed Virgin again appeared to Sister Catharine. This time she appeared as it were in an oval picture. She was standing on a globe and was clothed in a white robe and a blue mantle. From her extended hands emanated luminous rays, falling upon the earth. A voice seemed to say: "These rays are symbolic of the graces Mary obtains for men." Around the picture were the words: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

This prayer, traced in a semicircle, began at the Blessed Virgin's right hand and passing over her head, terminated at her left hand. The reverse of the picture bore the letter M, surmounted by a cross, having a bar at its base. Beneath the monagram of Mary were the hearts of Jesus and Mary, the first surrounded with a crown of thorns, the other transpierced with a sword.

While gazing upon the picture Sister Catharine heard the following words:

"A medal must be struck upon this model. Those who wear it indulgenced and repeat the prayer with devotion will be in a special manner under the protection of the Mother of God." Then the vision disappeared.

Rev. M. Aladel, C. M., then director of the Sisters of Charity, and to whom Sister Catharine gave an account of what she had seen and heard, received these communications with indifference. In December the Blessed Virgin again directed the Sister to have a medal struck upon the model which she had seen. Father Aladel at length, after long and serious thought and consultation with the superior general of the Vincentian Fathers and of the Sisters of Charity and the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quelen gave orders in 1832 to have the medal struck.

It was soon circulated not only in France, but over Europe and America; in fact, over the whole world. The number of graces, cures and conversions obtained through it was simply wonderful. In our own day it still retains all its former power. A volume would be required to narrate all the wonders it has wrought.

Fifteen years after the appearance of the miraculous medal, for so it began to be called, the dogma of the immaculate conception was declared. May we not suppose that this ever memorable day was hastened by the prayers of those who wore the medal and who daily received the invocation: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

Why, it may be asked, did God choose the children of St. Vincent de Paul for so rare a favor? In order it is believed that it was because, following in the footsteps of their holy founder, they have from the beginning of their society ever professed their unshaken belief in the immaculate conception of the Mother of God.

St. Vincent himself strenuously advocated this sublime prerogative of the Blessed Virgin, and his sons and daughters have ever believed the same. His daughters from the moment of their institution in 1634 have recited at the end of each decade of the chaplet the following profession of faith: "O most Holy Virgin! I believe and confess thy holy and immaculate conception, pure and without spot. O most pure Virgin, by thy virginal purity, by thy immaculate conception and by thy glorious quality of Mother of God, obtain for me of thy dear Son humility, charity, great purity of heart, body and soul, holy perseverance in my dear vocation, the gift of prayer, a good life and a happy death." Their devotion to Mary has not been left unrewarded. In the miraculous medal they have a perpetual proof of her love and protection.

Father Clarke, a distinguished convert and member ol the Society of Jesus, writes: The ever-increasing freedom of womankind makes the training of our Catbolic girls one of the most important of all works for God. Those who are acquainted with the interior life of our convents know well the unbounded influence for good that they exercise. But the time when convent life is over exposes those who have been kept safe from harm within the convent walls to a liberty which is new to them, and which is often in the present day a false and exaggerated liberty, breathing a spirit of independence of authority and of dislike of all control. In this new atmosphere the convent training is in danger of being forgotten, unless the novice in the world has some special guidance as to how to steer her course and to avoid the dangers around.

MARY'S HELP HOSPITAL.

Prompt Inauguration of a New Charity.

A TEMPORARY LOCATION.

The Trustees Preparing to Carry out the Provisions of Mrs. Kate Johnson's Will.

Among the many bequests left by Mrs. Kate Johnson, in her will was one appointing a board of trustees and establishing a fund for the purpose of maintaining an hospital to be known as Mary's Help Hospital. The trustees appointed unde rthe provisions of the will were his Grace Archbishop Riordan, Dr. C. F. Buckley, Dr. W. S. Thorn, Dr. Luke Rcbinson and R. C. Tobin. As soon as the estate was placed in their hands the trustees proceeded to turn all available properties into cash. A few weeks ago, an auction was held and some $90,000 realized. This sum, with other receipts from the estate will permit at once a beginning to be made.

Yet with all the large amount already sold considerable yet remains, consisting mainly of personal property in Mrs. Johnson's late residence in Sonoma county, and was announced to be sold, this week, besides the remainder of the art treasues which now occupy her late residence at the southwest corner of O'Farrell and Leavenworth streets. These will be sold on the 17th inst. at auction. As the terms of sale are strictly cash, it will not take the executors loug to apportion the proceeds to the hospital fund. The trustees will then proceed with their work at once.

In a recent interview, Dr. Buckley, one of the executors said:

"At the beginning, we shall start in a very modest way. We shall not buiid at once nor for some time. Our idea is to let the hospital grow, and as it does, we shall expand until we are finally exercising the trust to its greatest extent. The trustees have considered the whole matter carefully, and we have concluded that that is the best thing we can do. For instance we shall rent a house and turn it into a hospital. It may be that we shall take Mrs. Johnson's late residence, at O'Farrell and Leavenworth streets. In fact, I think that is very probable. To establish the hospital in the very house where the benefactor died would I think, be highly appropriate. The Johnson house would accommodate from forty to fifty patients. Their cost to the hospital would be about 40 cents a day—certainly not more than 50 cents. Our sole expense will be for maintenance and for the servants. We would, of course, have to rent the house, for which probably $200 a month would be charged. The Sisters of Charity, who will have charge of the institution, will do the nursing and expect no pay for their services. Neither will there be a charge for the medical staff. Our present income will easily allow us to maintain forty or fifty patients. The rental of the Gibraltar Warehouse alone is about $800 a month. As we receive our funds we shall properly invest them and in all respects carefully conserve our trust, so that Mrs. Johnson's bounty shall be properly administered.

"If she had lived longer she would have established the hospital herself. I know that was her idea, but she was called too soon. At the outset we shall receive only women and children. As there is no objection, however, to charitable persons endowing beds in the hospital, we may, if such endowments be made, take in others at a later period. It was Mrs. Johnson's desire that persons of all creeds, all nations and all colors should be admitted to her institution. It will be absolutely free in every way. She was a great friend to the poor and has well provided for them. The public should know one thing, and that is that we have no paid positions to fill in that hospital. The only people paid will be the hired servants. As the will provides that three of the directors shall be physicians, there will be no lack of free medical attendants. It is not possible to exactly fix the day of the opening of the hospital in its temporary quarters. It will be soon, however; just as soon as the money is given to us."

It is proposed to utilize the late residence of Mrs. Johnson as the site of the temporary hospital. It is located in a fifty vara lot and has been appraised at a conservative figure at $65,000. The house, now crowded with art treasures, cost about $90.000 to build. It has three stories and a mansard roof, and is very roomy. All the rooms are larger than ordinary, and by the use of partitions could be easily made to accommodate far more people than they ever did in Mrs. Johnson's time.

In the basement there are five rooms, two of which are very large. On the first floor there are five rooms and a large hallway. The second floor has six rooms, including Mrs. Johnson's suit of three, and the third floor is similarly laid out.

What effect the location of the hospital in this quarter will have upon the surrounding property is a question. As the location will perhaps be only temporary, any objections may be overcome, and the work allowed to proceed. It will be a noble addition to the many Catholic charities of this city.

A Late Martyr.

Father Pasquier, in the Fribourg Liberte, gives the following account of the martyrdom of Rev. Jozeau by Tong-Hacks:

At a word of command from their chief three Chinese rush upon the the missionary, plunge their knives in his loins and all around his waist. Surprised by the pain, the father makes a bound and falls face forward upon the earth; then these miscreants fling themselves upon him, slash at him with cutlasses, and soon the martyr's body exhibits one gaping wound. The head, one arm and one leg are half severed and the whole body is covered with horible wounds whence the blood flows in streams. After this dreadful butchery these tigers fling the body into the river, after stripping off its clothes. One of them brings back triumphantly the martyr's cross, beads and scapular and, after washing them, shows them to the people, uttering some Chinese words which our christians could not understand. The missionary's companion was also seized summarily questioned and executed; they fired two revolver shots into him and finished him with knives. He had been baptized only two or three days.

The other followers of Father Jozeau heard of his death a few hours afterwards, and as I was nearest to Kong-tjyou they sent a messenger, who brought me a soutane, the breviary and three note-books of the martyred father. I found in one of these note-books five photographs of Father Jozeau, as well as his will. dated only a few days before. He expected his death, and in that will he made the sacrifice of his life for his christians and asked prayers for the repose of his soul. I at once sent a messenger to Seoul. Monsignor heard the fatal news four or five days after the execution. Then I gave orders to get the martyr's remains and inter them in a suitable place until better times should permit us to transfer them and pay them the last honors in a more solemn manner. The body was recovered from the river on the night of the 1st of August and provisionally interred at a short distance, in view of the present perilous times.

THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH.

Third Article of Monsiguor Capel's Series.

ITS HISTORY FOLLOWED.

Cumulative Proof of the Antiquity of Catholicity in Britain.

Bishop Nichols says: "England and Rome were not much later reached by the Apostolic Church and Western Christendom was of like direct Apostolic origin with the Eastern. S. Paul went to Rome, and as Fuller says, 'religion came into Britain in direct line from the Asiatic Churches,' that is from Ephesus." The Bishop makes this statement to illustrate and support the Branch Theory dealt with in last week's issue. As was then pointed out the Church's birth place is Jerusalem, and beginning from there spread to the furthermost parts of the earth, preserving always its organic unity, its quasi-personality. Of necessity then in Asia is 'seated the deep lodged root' (using S. Cyprian's illustration) of the Church.

1. Fuller's statement published two hundred and forty years ago, is but one of several conjectures made concerning the introduction of Christianity into Britain. History however, does not record anything definite till Venerable Bede wrote about 670. He informs us that "in the year 156 . . . . . Elutherius a holy man, being vested with the Pontificate of the Roman Church, Lucius, King of Britain, sent him a letter praying to be made a Christian by his authority—the object of which pious entreaty he shortly afterwards obtained—and the Britons having received the faith kept it whole and undefiled, and in peace and in quiet till the times of Diocletian the Emperor." The missionaries sent by the Pope were S. S. Fugatius aud Damianus. The Book of Llandaff gives the same account of the foundation of the British Church. Venerable Bede further informs us that "Paladius was sent by Celestine the Roman Pontiff to the Scoti who believed in Christ to be their first bishop." Whoever may have borne the gospel to the Britons, one thing is certain that the Church flourished there till the coming of the Saxons. What is of greater importance to our argument is to learn how it stood in reference to the rest of christendom.

2. It is an indisputable fact that at the Synod of Arles in France held in 314 there were present three bishops from Britain—Eborious of York, Restitutus of London, Adelfius of Lincoln—who signed the decrees sent to Rome for the approval of Pope Sylvester. The accompanying letter says: "We have also thought of providing for our dioceses, in the presence of the Holy Ghost and His angels, certain regulations. But it is our opinion that as you have a wider jurisdiction, it is your duty to promulgate them to the faithful." It is highly probable that British bishops were present at the General Council of Nice. It is certain they were summoned to those of Sardica (347) and of Rimini (360). S. Athanasius positively asserts that they were at Sardica in which he himself was so prominent a figure. They with other bishops addressed Pope Julius in these words: "It will seem to be best and most proper if the bishops from each particular province report to the Head, that is to the See of Peter the Apostle."

The Book of Llandaff witnesses in the lives of its first two bishops "This is the law and privilege of the church of Teilo, of Llandaff which these kings and princes of Wales granted to the Church of Teilo and all his bishops after him forever and was confirmed by the Popes of Rome.

The Church in Britain held a council at Brevi, 519, at which its laws and usages were agreed upon. These were written by St. David the Metropolitan, and sent to Rome for approval, and in the Life of S. David we learn "the churches of the country received their method and rule from the Roman authority."

Towards the end of the fourth century Pelagius a native of Britain taught heretical doctrine concerning Divine Grace. Having spread the heresy in his native land Pope Celestine, as St. Prosper (429) narrates in his Chronicle, sent as his deputy or representative, Germanus bishop of Auxerre, accompanied by Lupus Bishop of Troyes, into Britain to defend the faith and arrest the growing evil. Of the success of the mission Venerable Bede tells us: "The triumph of orthodoxy was complete and Germanus before he quitted the scene of victory, visited the tomb of S. Alban where he deposited a small box of relics that he brought with him from Gaul, taking in exchange a handful of dust from the grave, that he might place it in a new church at Auxerre."

St. Gregory the Great when appointing Augustine the first Archbishop of Canterbury writes: "We commit to your brotherly care all the Bishops of Britain, that the unlearned may be taught, the weak strengthened by persuasion. the perverse corrected by authority." And later: "We give you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul, because from the ancient times of my predecessors the Bishop of Arles received the pallium, whom we do not deprive of the authority with which he is invested." To Theodore the Greek monk seeking confirmation of Pope Vitalian in the Metropolitan See of Canterbury, the Holy Father in complying writes: "Wherefore we have thought good at present to commend to your wise Holiness all the churches in Britain."

This cumulative documentary evidence abundantly proves that the Church in Britain formed a part of the Church Universal, was in strict communion with it, and was subject to the Pope of Rome. With S. Pacian (373) commenting on the words 'the Church is the body of Christ' the British Church would say: "Truly the body not a member; the body composed of many parts and members knit in one, as saith the Apostle, 'For the body is not one member, but many.' Therefore the Church *is the full body compacted and diffused now throughout the world; like a city I mean, all whose parts are united*, not as ye are, O Novatians, some small and insolent portion, and a mere swelling, that has gathered, and separated from the rest of the body." (Ep. iii 8). To the still stronger statements of S. Cyprian (251) did the British Church adhere: "A light has been shed into the breasts of all, and the Church Catholic has been shown to be one, and that it cannot be separated or divided (Ep. 51). And again "There is one Church from Christ throughout the whole world divided into many members, and one Episcopate diffused throughout an harmonious multitude of many Bishops.

2. But it was otherwise, the Church of England and her daughter, the Protest Episcopal church of America cannot claim relationship with this ancient church. The history of the English people begins in 449. The English conquest of Britain was a sheer dispossession and slaughter of the people whom the English conquered. The natives,

Continued on fourth page.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

Canon Cerebotani, of the Cathedral of Munich, claims to have invented an instrument capable of producing by telegraph caligraphy, designs and various kinds of manuscript.

The Catholic population of Kentucky is but a small percentage of the total, not 10 per cent. Still it is surprising to find that 75 per cent. of the higher education is given in Catholic institutions, academies and college.

The statistics of primary education in France for the year 1893 show a loss of 2,000 pupils for the State schools, a loss of 4,000 for private lay schools, and a gain of 25,000 pupils for the private schools of the teaching orders. This is strong evidence of a return to religious principles.

The intellectual activity among Catholics in Great Britain at the present day is remarkable. Even on this side of the Atlantic the names of Mivart, Aubrey De Vere, Allies, Lilly, Barry, Coventry Patmore, Katherine Tynan Hinkson and Mrs. Meynell Waid are familiar.

The Holy Father has put a considerable sum at the disposal of the art committee for the purpose of restoring severable valuable masterpieces in the Vatican. The work will be commenced this week, and will last several years, occupying about thirty artists, to be chosen by the said committee.

Canon Farrar has been lecturing in Rome to a select band of tourists on "The History and Development of Christian Art from the Days of the Catacombs to Our Own." His lecture contained the notable remark that a history of the painting of the Madonna would be in itself a history of the art of Christendom.

In view of the probability that the crown of Wurtemberg will pass to the Catholic branch of the reigning family through the failure of male issue, the Protestants decided to submit to the Diet a bill providing for the transfer, in that event, of the religious prerogatives of the crown to an ecclesiastical commission.

According to statistics obtained by the Times correspondent of Corea contains 600,000 Catholics and 700,000 Protestant and Greek Christians. Thus more than a quarter of the population is already Christian, so that the present war has in the eyes of European Powers, a character of which account has not been taken.

The conference held in Rome to discuss a plan to bring about the reunion of the Eastern and Western churches has come to a close. Leo XIII. presided at the closing session and sanctioned decisions aiming to confirm and enhance the prestige of the five oriental Catholic patriarchs, and to extend their powers.

Over one thousand priests from a distance said Mass in the Montmartre Basilica last month. Amongst the pilgrims were Cardinal Longanieux, the Patriarch of Antioch; Mgr. Augourd, C. S. Sp., Vicar-Apostolic of Ubanghi; Father Captier, Superior-General of the Sulpicians; and Father Hertzog, of the same Society, Postulator of the cause of the Venerable Joan of Arc.

The Archbishop of Calcutta, at his interview with the Holy Father, related the progress of Catholicism in India and the development of the missions. The Archbishop presented to the Pope several precious articles sent by the Catholic natives and assured His Holiness that Catholicism was enjoying the greatest tolerance. Some Catholic Seminaries are about to be established in India.

The regisnation of Bishop Matz of Denver, has not yet been accepted by the Holy See, but already there is considerable discussion as to his succesor. Many are in favor of having Archbishop Chappelle of the Sante Fe archdiocese, take charge of the Denver diocese, thus making it an archbishopric. A poll of the pastors in the Denver diocese has been taken, showing twenty-one in favor of the appointment of Archbishop Chappelle and sixteen opposed to it.

Mr. Marks White Handley, who for three years has been private secretary to George W. Cable, the author, has created a sensation in Northampton, U. S. A., by leaving the Protestant Church to enter the Catholic fold. He belongs to a prominent southerm family and his uncle was Governor Marks, of Tennessee. Mr. Handley, after being received into the Church, left for Washington, where he will associate himself with the work conducted by the Paulist Fathers.

At the meeting of the clergy of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise held at St. Mel's College, Longford, on Tuesday, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the voting resulted in the choice of the following three names: the Very Rev. J. Canon Hoare, V. G. (Carrickon-Shannon), 18 votes dignissimus; the Very Rev. Dean Monahan, D. D. (Cloghan), 9 votes, dignior; the Very Rev. Michael Carrigy, C. M. (President of St. Patrick's College, Armaugh), 4 votes, dignus.

Archbishop Ireland denies a whole batch of sensational reports that have been circulated about his archdiocese and the province of which he is the ecclesiastical head. There is to be no auxiliary prelate appointed for St. Paul, and no other transfer of the suffragan Bishops of the diocese that comprise the province is contemplated. Bishop Marty may be transferred to St. Cloud, vacant since the transfer of Monsignor Zarzetti to Bucharest; but even this move has not been fully decided upon; though Rome has been requested to allow Dr. Marty, because of his advanced years and the condition of his health, to take possession of the northern Minnesota see.

A Parliamentary paper issued on Monday shows how many agricultural laborers continue to come over to Great Britain to eke out earnings which are insufficient in their own unsettled country. One argument for Home Rule, it will be remembered, is that with Ireland settled and contented, industries would be developed there and fewer people would come here in search of employment. Nearly thirteen thousand (12,901 to speak by the card) came over to England for work last year, and 2,297 more from Scotland. These are from the agricultural districts, but there are also no doubt many town laborers coming over, for the railway and port statistics bring up the number traveling as passengers in search of employment at a distance from their homes as 32,623.

It will be news to a great many church goers to learn that the singing of the "Veni Creator" before the sermon at High Mass is not allowable. The Rt. Rev. J. Janssen Bishop of Belleville, Ill., lately sent the following question to the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome "Potesne tolerari usus canendi unum vel duas strophas hymni 'Veni Creator' ante homiliam in Missa Solemni?" (Can the singing of one or two verses of the "Veni Creator" before the sermon at High Mass be allowed.) The prefect of the Sacred Congregation Cardinal Ledowchowski sent the following answer: "Negative, homilia enim tantummodo permittitur" (No, for the sermon alone is permitted.) The reason for this is that the break in the continuity of the Holy Sacrifice is permitted only for the sermon and a further delay for the singing of the hymn in the vernacular before the canon of the Mass.

The attempt to maintain a Masonic Lodge at Lourdes has resulted in ignominious failure after seven years' perseverence on the part of its founders. The special importance attached to it by the sect, as an antidote to the religious associations of the place may be gathered from the panegyric pronounced by the Freemasons themselves on the Brother who essayed the difficult task. It was founded in 1886 by the grand Orient as an offshoot of the Lodge of Tarbes, to which the seven Brothers charged with the new mission belonged. The only one of these who was a citizen of Lourdres, was elected a member of the Council of the Order, as a special mark of its approval of his courage in planting its flag "in a locality especially enfeoffed to clericalism," The death of this individual has now extinguished the conventicle, which during the seven years of its existence did not recruit a single adherent in Lourdes. The Lodge at Tarbes, whence the attempt emanated, is affiliated to that of Toulouse, one of the oldest and most important in France.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, has for several years, utilized his spare moments in arranging for the Bishops' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame an Ecclesiastical Genealogical Chart, showing the line of the episcopal descent in the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. On the occasion of his recent visit to Notre Dame, Bishop Maes requested Professor Edwards to assist him in completing the work, and then the good prelate presented the fruit of his researches to be placed in a prominent position in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The chart shows two principal lines of descent, both of which are derived from Rome. One comes through Archbishop Carroll, our first American Bishop who was consecrated in England by Bishop Walmesley, O. S. B.: the latter was consecrated at Rome by Cardinal Lanti, in 1756. The second line received the apostolical succession from Bishop DuBourg, second Bishop of Louisiana, who was consecrated at Rome by Cardinal Doria Pamphili in 1815. Archbishop Purcell, of the Carroll line through Bishop Flaget and Archbishop Whitfield, and Archbishop P. R. Kenrick of the DuBourg line through Bishop Rosati, each consecrated sixteen bishops, the largest number elevated to the episcopacy by any one American prelate.

Bishop Montgomery on Tramps.

Bishop Montgomery had just alighted from a train last night, and had not yet had his dinner, when a reporter asked for a few minutes' conversation about tramps, says the Los Angeles Herald. He granted the interview with amiability, and desired to be quoted upon the subject. The bishop was one of the leaders in San Francisco last winter in the extensive work of caring for the unemployed, and has clear cut views about the honest laborer and the professional tramp.

"You may say for me," he said emphatically, "that if the honest laborer could be cared for I would cheerfully see the professional tramp in the chaingang. I do not think it is fair for the city or country to place the honest laborer in the same category as the man who will not work. If there is any way to segregate the two classes the subject becomes easier of solution.

"If the plan of supplying work for the unemployed could be so managed as to include other cities, or the nation, it would simplify the matter greatly also. It is not just for one city to bear the entire burden, and I confess that the plan now proposed, of giving work in the parks, has that drawback. Naturally it will attract men from far and wide. When they hear that Los Angeles has a plan for taking care of the unemployed, they will flock here. Yet, to have a plan that will separate the men who will work from those who will not, is to my mind, the solution of what you call the tramp question.

"We found it so in San Francisco. I have seen men there standing in line for a chance to work for $1 a day.

"That is what we paid. A man who will do that is an honest laborer. He was being helped and helped himself. That is a small wage, but it was a great deal better than nothing,

"It is not the correct thing to class all unemployed men with tramps. I would not spare any trouble to help the deserving unemployed. It is a crime almost to speak of them in the same breath with the fellows who go about the country and prey upon their fellow men. Of course, in a broad sense, I have sympathy for them too, but the honest laborer should not be made to suffer for their sins.

"I really think the plan of providing for the unemployed by allowing them to work furnishes the test of the honest laborer and the tramp.

"The question presents many difficulties and those who have seen how serious they are are not prone to talk lightly on the subject. When you urge governmental aid in the care of the unemployed you run face to face with questions of great moment; when we talk of the city's handling the subject that also presents difficulties.

"In the light of experience I believe that the test of the honest laborer is his being willing to do work. It will of course attract many people to the city, just as it did in San Francisco—yet it is a true test. The tramp, the undeserving man will not work."

"The Old Songs."

Sad is my heart as it hears the songs,
The same that mother loved to sing;
Her gentle voice, so sweet and low,
Will in memory ever cling.

Many years in the churchyard there,
Her voice has been stilled and hushed,
Yet as I think of those happy days,
My heart feels sad and crushed.

As far from that loved spot I roam
On land and o'er the sea,
That sweet face of mother dear
Lingereth still with me.

Those dear sweet songs she loved to sing
Are graven in my heart so sad,
When memory hears those loving strains,
It cheers and makes me glad.

Ah yes, to me a mother's love
Is dearer far than gold;
Those songs she loved will ever last
As in the years of old.

J. WALTER REID.

MARKED DOGS' EYES.

An Explanation Wanted of the Presence of These Tan Spots.

Can any of your readers explain the meaning of the tan spots seen so commonly over the eyes in black and tan dogs of most breeds?

When in Melbourne last year, I went carefully over all the dogs in a show with one of the stewards, and we found the spots in all the black and tan terriers, foxhounds, deerhounds, collies, lurchers, etc., but I could get no information regarding them from the experts.

In some of the highly bred toy dogs, as the small black and tan terriers, I found on inquiry that these spots, formerly so very conspicuous, were being bred out and had nearly disappeared. Their persistence through so many strongly marked varieties, except those of late date, is singular, for there is fairly good proof that when first domesticated the dog was red or brown, like the pariah, dingo, etc.

As far as I can see, we do not find the spots white on a black or dark ground, nor yet black or dark on a white or light ground. My explanation is that they have arisen as a permanent marking after the dogs "sported" to black under domestication and have been preserved and developed through natural selection. Possibly they are protective and simulate eyes.

One morning, just at dawn, I had occasion to go out into the garden, and while stooping to examine some flowers, near a fence partly covered with creepers, I suddenly saw an animal's head looking through, and what seemed to be two seemingly large and ferocious black eyes glared at me. Suspecting that a black leopard was about to spring over, I started back, clapped my hands and shouted. To my relief, however, I saw a tail wag and found that the spectator was a cooly's dog I knew very well and which recognized me. The use of the tan spots—in this case at least—then occurred to me.

May it not be that the spots thus serve a protective purpose and have often saved the lives of dogs (black dogs) from their enemies, the smaller felines, such as the clouded leopard, etc.? Perhaps the matter is not new, but if it is it seems worth looking into.

I have several dogs about here now with black bodies and heads. The tan spots, rather pale, are of the size of a shilling. I have shot one, keeping the skin of the head as a curiosity.—S. E. Peal in Nature.

"Take It Aisy."

One cannot travel in Ireland without perceiving that the so many horsepower and perpetual catching of trains theory of life is not one that is accepted by the Irish people, and I do not think it ever will be. Their religion, their traditions, their chief occupations, their temperament, all of which I suppose are closely allied, are opposed to it.

The saying, "Take it aisy, and if you can't take it aisy take it as aisy as you can," doubtless represents their theory of life, and, for my part, if it were a question either of dialectics or of morals, I would sooner have to defend that view of existence than the so many horsepower one. So far from a wise man getting all he can out of himself in one direction, he will, it seems to me, rigidly and carefully abstain from doing so in the interests of that catholic and harmonious development which requires that he should get a little out of himself in every direction.

One would not like to assert that the bulk of the Irish people are "harmoniously developed." But neither, if I may be permitted to say so, are the English or the Scotch people, and as in reality all three probably err by lobsided activity or lobsided inactivity, it still remains to be seen whether too much perpetual catching of trains or too much taking it "aisy" is, on the whole, the wiser course and the less insane interpretation of the purport and uses of life.—Blackwood's Magazine.

It Beats Acting.

They had just emerged from the telephone exchange where they were employed.

"Sometimes," said one of them, "I think that I would like to be famous; that I would like to go on the stage and act or on the lecture plaform. Then, again, I think not."

"I think not all the time," was the positively spoken rejoinder.

"Still it must be nice to play upon the emotions of the multitude."

"Of course it is. That's what makes it so jolly in the telephone exchange. When we talk sweetly to some man through the phone, I can tell by the way he coos back that he is smirking in the most absurd manner. And if I want to make him angry I can tell him the line's busy and ring in his ear. I tell you, my dear, when it comes to playing on the emotions of the multitude Sarah Bernhardt will have to give extra matinees if she wants to surpass us in opportunity."—Kate Field's Washington.

The Donkey Vanished.

In general we may say that the donkeys belong to a vanishing state of human culture, to the time before carriage ways existed. Now that civilization goes on wheels they seem likely to have an ever decreasing value. A century ago they were almost everywhere in common use. At the present time there are probably millions of people in the United States to whom the animal is known only by description. In a word, the creature marks a stage in the development of our industries which is passing away as rapidly as that in which the spinning wheel and the hand loom played a part.—Professor N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

A pupil of the late Professor Helmholtz relates that when his master had discovered the velocity of nerve currents by the aid of electric measurements Alexander von Humboldt remarked to Du Bois-Reymond, "Then nerve currents move only three times as fast as the Orinoco."

THE ODOR OF PLANTS.

It Comes From the Heart of the Flower Usually, Sometimes From the Leaves.

The various delightful or disagreeable odors of the plant family usually reside in the flower itself, though in some species the seat is in the leaves and stem or even in the root. In either case the odor is due to the presence of volatile essential oils, usually of a resinous nature. The number of these oils is unknown, and their nature is so complex that even a slight variation in the temperature or in the quantity of light falling upon them is sufficient to cause a rearrangement of their component elements, resulting, so far as the smell is concerned at least, in an entirely different compound.

Prophylic ether, which is an example of these unstable compounds, can, by a slightly different arrangement of its elements, be made to yield either the odor of pineapples or that of decaying fish. The reason, therefore, why each species and kind of a plant has a different odor is the ease with which one perfume may be transformed into another. Sufficient cause for such transition is often found in the mode of life of each variety of plant and the difference in their chemical constitution.

Whatever in any way affects the life or growth of a plant rapidly shows its effect upon the flower and its perfume. The nature of the soil and its humidity, the variation of temperature or the intensity of the sunlight will sooner or later transform the entire nature of a plant, for, as has been fully shown above, one plant, in order to produce exactly the same perfume as another, must not only be of the same species, but live in the same elements, earth, air, etc. It must also absorb a similar amount of light and breathe the same, which would, of course, necessitate leaves similar in size, color and shape. —New York Advertiser.

HOW A MAN GOES TO SLEEP.

Slumber Begins at the Feet, and the Senses Become Dormant One After Another.

"Order is heaven's first law," and the old truth is manifested even in the process of going to sleep. When a man drops off to sleep, his body does not do so all at once, so to speak. Some senses become dormant before others and always in the same order. As he becomes drowsy the eyes close, and the sense of seeing is at rest. It is quickly followed by the disappearance of the sense of taste. He next loses the sense of smell, and then after a short interval the tympanum becomes insensible to sound, or rather the nerves which run to the brain from it fail to arouse any sense of hearing.

The last sense to leave is that of touch, and in some hypersensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. Even in their case, however, there is no discriminating power or sense of what touched them. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit, after that taste, and then the eye becomes able to flash impressions back to the brain. The sense of smell, oddly enough, though it is by no means the first to go, is the last to come back.

The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews as well as in the senses. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete and the whole body is at rest. This is why sleep is impossible when the feet are cold.—New York World.

An Eye With Legs.

"Depend upon it, children," said the benignant old gentleman who was addressing the Sunday school, "we were fashioned by a wiser power than ourselves. There was no mistake made in putting us together. If our hands were placed where our feet are and our feet where our hands are, how could we get along? It would be exceedingly awkward, children, exceedingly awkward. I stretch my hand out this way. I move my fingers like this. Now, what is this an evidence of, children?"

There was no reply, and after waiting a moment the speaker answered the question himself.

"It is an evidence of design. Don't forget that, children," he continued impressively. "It is an evidence of design. Suppose, for instance, my eye, instead of having lids and lashes, had legs. Suppose my eye had legs. How could I use them?"

"You could use them in running your eye over the congregation, couldn't you?" replied a deeply interested little boy near the door.—Chicago Tribune.

A Philadelphia Experiment.

The object lesson which the ladies of the Health Protective association gave the New York city authorities last winter when they set to work in good housewifely fashion and showed what their idea of a clean street was is bearing fruit in Philadelphia. The New York experiment is to be repeated there by the ladies of the Philadelphia Health Protective association, and the block selected upon which to demonstrate what can be done when women set about it is Twelfth street, between Chestnut and Walnut. On this block stands the beautiful clubhouse of the new Century club, a woman's organization, making it an eminently suitable spot to bear the imprint of woman's love of neatness.

Bound to Be a Portia.

Miss Isabel Darlington, daughter of ex-Congressman Darlington of West Chester, Pa., is bound to be a lawyer. She has already passed the required preliminary examination and been registered as a law student in the office of ex-Judge Thomas S. Butler. Miss Darlington was her father's private secretary while he was in Washington.

A Sure Remedy.

Passenger—Captain, can't you recommend any cure for seasickness?

Captain—Certainly, my good sir, and one that never fails. All you have got to do is to lie down in the shade of a tree in full leaf, and away it goes.—Schalk.

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest:

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With dimples on each sun browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

BUYING PRECIOUS STONES.

Some of the Valuable Gems and What They Are Made Of.

Buying jewels is as hazardous as buying horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? White sapphires have occasionally been sold as diamonds, and as proof that white topaz may easily be confused with them one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal and valued at £58,000,000, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystallized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue and even black, and occasionally the colored are as valuable as a brilliant of the same size.

The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corundum, or crystallized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz, and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the imperial state crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the center to the sides in the form of a six pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hardness, but there are a few good intaglios and cameos extant in both—one, a cameo head of Cupid, by Isler, one a sapphire; another, a front face cameo head of Diana on a ruby, by Pistrucci.

Topaz is the next jewel in degree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one-third flint and the rest fluoric acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless and are called "novamina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expert Opinion.

An old watchman, who used to keep guard in the department of justice, from long association with the legal lights in the building believed he had imbibed a fair share of learning in the law, and so when one night a telegram addressed to the attorney general came after hours he had no hesitancy in opening it and reading its message. It asked the question, "Is a man to be held responsible for a crime committed while under the influence of liquor?" The watchman pondered over this message for some time, and, as he knew what the influence of liquor was, he sent the laconic answer: "No indeed. (Signed) John Jones, in charge of department of justice." Of course there was an immediate attack on the attorney general for such a decision, and the matter came to the ears of the department. An investigation was made and the watchman suspended for three months. That did not worry him, however. With effrontery that simply dumfounded the clerks, he came to the building every pay day during that time of suspension and drew his salary.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Queer Postoffice.

One of the strangest postoffices in the world is away down at Terra del Fuego, in the toe end of the big shoe, which is what the map of South America looks like. The "office" is a big barrel, and it is fastened to a rock overlooking the straits of Magellan. Every ship that rounds Cape Horn stops at this odd postoffice. A boat puts out to the shore with letters to be left, and the sailor who takes them looks over those already in the barrel, taking out and bringing away with him any that his ship can forward to their destination. Then he fastens the cover on the barrel with its hook and staple, and the queer old postoffice that needs no postmaster or mailbags is left to itself until the next ship comes by.—New York Times.

Preserving Wood.

It is said that wood may be thoroughly preserved by being impregnated with a strong solution of calcium bisulphate and afterward with caustic lime. The pores are thus filled with the two solutions, which are oxidized by exposure to the air and become practically a part of the wood itself.

Hannibal was ruined by marriage. After his first victorious campaigns in Italy he went into winter quarters at Capua, where he married, and the wedding festivities lasted until his army was demoralized, and always afterward was worthless for fighting purposes.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

CROMWELL AND HIS HORSES.

An Accident That Befell the Protector While Driving In Hyde Park.

C. H. Firth, in an article on Oliver Cromwell's association with horses, says in Macmillan's Magazine:

"As Cromwell rose in power and rank his love of horses began to be more conspicuous. When he started from London in 1649 to reconquer Ireland, he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, reddish gray." In 1655, when the Spanish embassador took his leave of the lord protector, Cromwell sent him "his own coach of six white horses'" to convey him to and from Whitehall. "Certain it is," adds the narrator, "that none of the English kings had ever any such."

The protector was not much of a whip, however. In 1654 the Count of Oldenburg sent Cromwell a present of six horses, and the protector's anxiety to make trial of their quality led to his well known adventure in Hyde park. On Friday, Sept. 29, he went with Secretary Thurloe and some of his gentlemen to take air in the park, ordered the six horses to be harnessed to his coach, put Thurloe inside of it and undertook to drive himself. "His highness," said a letter from the Dutch embassador, "drove pretty handsomely for some time, but at last, provoking those horses too much with the whip, they grew unruly, whereby his highness was flung out of the coach box upon the ground. His foot getting hold in the tackling, he was carried away a good while in that posture, but at last he got his foot clear, and so came to escape. He was presently brought home, and let blood, and after some rest taken is now well again. The secretary, being hurt on his ankle with leaping out of the coach, hath been forced to keep his chamber hitherto and been unfit for any business."

The royalist Scroggs, afterward chief Justice, writing of this incident, hoped that the next fall would be from a cart—hinting at the gallows. As to Cromwell's views on the burning question of horse racing, it is difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion. His constant aim was to possess as many good horses as he could afford. Whether he entered his horses for races or had the satisfaction of owning a winner history does not say.

HIS COLLATERAL GOOD.

How Tom Fitch of Nevada Used to "Raise the Wind."

Tom Fitch of Nevada was a bright fellow and one of the best writers and stump speakers of the west, but he was thriftless, and when he got hard up would resort to almost any means to get a stake.

One day he wrote a scathing speech denouncing Sharon, then president of the Bank of California and afterward United States senator from Nevada. In it he charged Sharon with almost every crime known to the decalogue or the statutes. He put the manuscript in a large envelope and walked into the Bank of California.

"Here," he said to the cashier, handing the package through the window, "here are some securities which I offer as collateral on a loan. Please hand them to Mr. Sharon in person, and I will wait for his answer."

Mr. Sharon was in his private office. Breaking the seal of the envelope, he found the speech and read it through, together with a note from Fitch, informing him that unless he was paid $5,000 he would deliver that speech in every town in the state. In a few minutes the cashier, on Mr. Sharon's order, reported that the collateral was all right and paid the happy Fitch the desired amount.

Three months afterward, having gone through the money in speculation and dissipation, Mr. Fitch made his appearance with another speech, this time of a very complimentary character, which he promised to deliver at ever convenient opportunity, for the same amount. That, too, proved good collateral, and the story would have never come to light if Fitch had not, in a moment of drunken frankness, told it himself.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It Comes High to Be Rich.

Any one acquainted with the living expenses of persons who esteem themselves fairly comfortable finds a significant moral in the commands laid upon the rich by their physicians. Not only is the wealthy patient bidden to substitute costly table waters and even imported champagne for ordinary drinks, but every detail of his life seems regulated with a view to spending the most money for his needs. The whole world is ransacked for food that his weak stomach can digest, for clothing sanitarily suitable for his body. The infants of the rich are required to drink milk at 50 cents a quart and to wear tiny garments that exceed the cost of plain adult clothing. It may very well be that a child under 2 years old, fed and clothed according to a doctor's prescriptions, may cost more per annum than the living expense of a wholesomely clothed, fed and housed adult.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Holmes on Domestic Economy.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy—a plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children; a small basket of homemade gingerbread, with one or two pieces of pound cake carefully disposed on the surface so as to appear to the best advantage.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Happened In Hades.

The grinning imps were packing sinners into the oven with a thing like a hay press. And the sinners groaned, all but one good natured looking man.

"Do you know," said the good natured man at last, "this is rather nice. Reminds me of when I lived in dear old Brooklyn and crossed the bridge at rush hours."—New York Recorder.

QUEEN AND PAUPER.

I have gold a-plenty, and rich adorning.
I order all things to my wish, it seems.
And yet I am but a creature mourning
A broken life and vanished dreams.

I have friends and lovers and kindred tender.
They watch and ward each hair of my head.
And yet in the midst of all my splendor
I envy a woman who asks for bread.

That beggar who walks with her rosy baby
Clasped tight in arms that are worn and lean—
She covets my comfort and wealth, it may be.
Yet I am a pauper, and she is a queen.
—Ruth Hall in Good Housekeeping.

THE QUICKSAND.

Stoner had been a Texan ranger and could hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier country. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahua region years before, had brought her to the rocky Californian coast and had purchased a settler's claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish hidalgo half a century ago.

Here he farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands and kept a sort of rude hotel, for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led from the county seat, 20 miles south, to the northern settlements in the pineries. He had five daughters, too, the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark eyed, half Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was afloat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly and patient, secret in his methods and deadly in his blow.

Stoner's wife and his four elder daughters were uneducated and in complete subjection to his will, but Tessa had more brains and energy than all the others put together and quite as much beauty, so that the old Texan ranger took a certain pride in her and had even allowed her to attend a distant school for two years.

This midnight, when, as I have said, the story begins, a person of a prying disposition might have discovered several interesting performances in progress around the Stoner adobe. On the north side of the house, quite in the shadow, Tessa was leaning from her window, conversing in low tones with a blond, fair haired and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, you do not know my father. He is not the careless, warm hearted man you suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there never was a more dangerous man. He may be where he hears every word you say, but if he is he will not speak to you or to me about it, but if he knew that you cared for me he would be your enemy. He has other plans for me. He wants me to marry for money."

Tom Warren had once been the schoolteacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character and was already so popular in the county that he had just been elected sheriff, although the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking a scene of a far different nature was being enacted on the south side of the old adobe, which overlooked a deep ravine and a camp of five or six men in a field below. For several years these men had spent their summers there, ostensibly hunting, fishing and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Every one knew them, and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old rawhide chair, outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating—a tough, sinewy, grizzled night owl of a man.

"That infernal knuckle head at the camp ought to have reported before now," he thought to himself as he smoked.

A man came out of the brush and spoke deferentially:

"Capt'n, good evenin!"

"You're late."

"Dick was shot."

"Well?"

"Just as the driver throwed off the box. Shot by a passenger in the neck and shoulder."

"He mustn't stay here to get us into trouble. Take a boat and carry him to the point and leave him in the cave there."

"Yes, capt'n."

"How much was aboard?"

"About $2,000 for the Josephine miners."

"Send it over the cliff before morning, and I'll divide it up soon, but you be extra careful. That new sheriff is a smart one."

"All right, capt'n," and the man went back to the camp.

A moment later, just as Stoner was going back into the house, there was the slow thud of a horse's hoofs, and Tom Warren, the young sheriff, rode down the trail, around the corner of the old adobe building into the main county road that lay to the west. He had at last yielded to Tessa's entreaties to "go, go, this minute, Tom."

Impassible as Stoner was, he felt a little startled by the sight.

"Where in the devil did you come from, sheriff? Anything up in this part of the country?"

"Oh, no, not a particle. I've been visiting my old school in the mountains and took the short trail home, down Cayucos."

This was plausible enough, for there was a blind trail that entered the canyon just east of the angle of the house. Stoner felt a little relieved.

"Won't you put up and stay with us all night?"

"No, Mr. Stoner, I must go down to Kestral to see friends there. It's only an hour's ride."

"That settles it," thought Stoner. "Plenty of stout fellows to use as sheriff's deputies there. He has probably stumbled on traces and is going for help." He sat and smoked and slipped his hand back under his coat. "Easy to shoot the fellow," he said to himself.

"Well, goodby, Stoner," said Warren suddenly. "I suppose the beach road is as good as ever?"

"Perfectly safe, only when you cross Toro creek keep on the sand bar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there today."

"Thank you. Adios!"

Simple, smiling speech, these words of Stoner's, and yet they were intended to send Warren to his death more surely and safely than by bullet of pistol or pellet of secret poison.

Stoner took an extra swig of brandy and went to his rest. Warren rode down the rugged hill to the bottom of the ravine, then turned seaward, and at last the wide gulch opened broadly to the shore of the Pacific.

The cliffs were from 50 to 300 feet high and full of waveworn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach, and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean sway and rise. His thoughts throbbed with dreams of Tessa. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would lift her into happier and better circumstances. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared, in the midst of sand dunes, breakers rolling in and the steady river flowing out. Here was the long sand bar, ten feet wide and stretching across hardly an inch higher than the watery surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicions of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sand bar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it mightily, torn out the long compacted bar and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward. He had crossed sand bars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

The approach to the bar was hard for a few rods as he galloped on. Suddenly, in one heartbreaking, breathless descent, noiseless, but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down, and the soft, slimy sand came up to his mane. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a desperate, dying horse will sometimes utter.

Tom knew the peril. He had thrown his feet from the stirrups and drawn them up at the first downward throb, but the sand began to grasp him also. He threw himself flat on his breast and tore himself loose from the poor animal, over whose back the mingled sand and water were running, as it rolled from side to side in ineffectual struggles to escape.

Tom spread himself out over as much surface as possible, but slowly, resistlessly, the mighty force drew him downward. The hard beach was only ten feet distant, but practically the chasm was impassable. He felt the horse sink out of sight. The sand gripped his own knees and arms, his thighs and shoulders. Two inches more, and the end by suffocation was inevitable. Up to this time he had not shouted. Only his horse's wild death scream had told of the tragedy. What was the use? Who would be passing along that lonely road? Then he thought of Tessa and of life. He raised his voice in a clear, strong shout for help, again and again repeated.

Far off along the deep ravine came a cry in response and a horse's hurrying feet, and hope awoke in his heart. The margin of life was five minutes now—not longer. Faster, faster, oh, fearless rider!

"Tom, where are you?"

"Here, Tessa. Don't come too near."

But the mountain girl knew the danger. Creeping down stairs for a drink of water, she had heard her father's words to Warren, had thrown a shawl about her shoulders and run to the pasture. Then she caught her pet horse, sprang upon his unsaddled back, seized a riata as she passed the stable and galloped at the utmost speed down the ravine, hoping against hope, for many minutes had necessarily elapsed since Warren started.

She sprang to the ground and tossed the rawhide rope to the one arm he held above the sand. She folded her shawl and put it over her horse's shoulders and tied the riata around like a collar. Then she led him slowly away from the quicksands, and Warren thought his arm would break, but slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the sand gave up its prey.

"Your father told me to take this road, Tessa," said the young sheriff.

"Yes, I know that, and I heard one of the men tell him today that the bar was swept out."

There was a long silence between them.

"Tessa, go with me to San Luis," said Warren, "and let us be married."

And Tessa went.

Old Stoner heard the news a few days later. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliff, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared, leaving his family, the ranch and the live stock.

It was said that he made the best of his way to Mexico, and finally to South America. The world is large as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a past they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis Obispo cottage, with orange trees over it, and La Marque roses on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.—Belford's Magazine.

Considerate.

Mr. Bouncer—What did you get on to that table for? You're surely not afraid of a harmless little mouse.

Mrs. Bouncer (weighs 200 pounds)—I got up here because I was afraid I might step upon it and hurt it.—New York Journal.

RUN TO EARTH.

How the Great Detectives Easily Seize Upon the Evildoers.

"Officer Sleuth," said the great chief of the western city, "what report have you to make on your murder case?"

Sleuth—Arrested a woman and locked her up, sir—

"Ah, good. Any olews?"

"Took a file of officers in and told her her husband had given the whole thing away"—

"Ah, ha! Did she show any confusion?"

"Yes, indeed. Said she was confused to know what he gave away, whom he gave it to, and why the fool man didn't sell it"—

"And did she show any concern?"

"Yes, sir. She said she had only $4 in her pocket, but if we wanted that"—

"Anything further?"

"Then we ran her husband down in his place of business."

"Was he startled?"

"Very much. Wanted to know what it meant."

"Well?"

"We locked him up and told him his wife had given the whole thing away"—

"Was he confused?"

"Not a bit. Said we lied; that his wife was too blank stingy to give anything away."

"Well?"

"We told him she had confessed that he murdered the man"—

"Hah! Then he confessed?"

"Yes! Said he was ready to confess that"—

"Good! Good! Go on, sir."

"We were the most disgusting and pigheaded lot of idiots he had ever met"—

"And you learned nothing from either about the murder?"

"Nothing."

"Not the faintest clew?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"And what are you doing now?"

"We have imprisoned both of them on suspicion."

"Good! Keep a close watch on them. We are on the right track. Make them confess if possible."

And the sun, piercing the shadows of the prairie bunch grass, was not more vigilant than was the march of Sleuth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEER DISTINCTION.

It Is That of a Man Who Was Once Swallowed by an Alligator.

Edward Rowland enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The saurian swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is to this characteristic that Rowland owes his life.

When a boy, his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dunn's creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found in any place else in Florida.

At the time mentioned, it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles, and the largest ever killed were secured here, one measuring over 15 feet in length.

Young Rowland had gone with his parents to a point on the St. Johns river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and had wandered away from them. Suddenly a huge gator emerged from a small lake and started toward a creek, coming immediately past the place where the boy was seated on the bank, kicking pebbles. The child started to run, but stumbling fell head first immediately in front of the reptile, which swallowed him at once.

Young Rowland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see the disappearance of their son down the huge throat of the saurian. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball, fortunately, striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain.

The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the dead alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the father succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only serious injury being to his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes of death.

Since that time Rowland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles.—Rome Hustler.

Eye Treatment of Epilepsy.

Scarcely any discovery of modern medical science is more valuable than that treatment of the eye may lead to the cure of epilepsy. In the New York Medical Journal Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney gives full details of the treatment of the eye which he has adopted with 25 patients. The correction of the eye muscles has led to the cessation of the epileptic seizures. Most of these patients had been drugged with bromides for years without any cure. Some of the cases treated were of long standing. One patient had suffered for 24 years from epilepsy. Seven years have now passed since his eyes were treated, and he has had no return. Another patient had such violent paroxysms that he had to be confined in a padded room while they lasted. He is now cured. A third has been in perfect health and a partner in a large business for three years.

Comical Names of Great Men.

Calderon de la Barca has quite an imposing sound, yet literally translated it reads Ship's Copper; Torquato Tasso means Chained Badger; Dante stands for Stag's Hide; Giovanni Boccaccio, Jack Bigmouth; Bramante, the famous architect, despite his melodious appellation, appears in the character of a Whiner, and Max Piccolomini is nothing more or less than a Little Dwarf.—Deutsche Warte.

But Perhaps He Does.

A Chicago photographer has eloped with another man's wife. He can hardly expect the abandoned husband to look pleasant.—Washington Post.

GROCERIES

AT THE

Lowest Bedrock Prices.

SBARBORO & CO.

At their old-established place of business

531 WASHINGTON ST.

Read this List and be Convinced that SBARBORO & CO. are making the Greatest Reduction of the age in

GROCERIES,

Wines, Liquors, Etc.

ALL KINDS OF SUGAR

Sold at Wholesale Prices in quantities to suit.

Fine Family Flour, $2.60 $3, $3.25 per bbl.
Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.
Sago, 25 lbs. for $1.
Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.
Tea, 20c., 25c., 40c., and 60c. per lb.
Full Cream Cheese, 10c. and 12½c. per lb.
Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.
Eastern hams, 14c. per lb.
Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.
15-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.
Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.
Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.
Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c.
Port Wine, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Sherry, 75c. $1, and $1.50 gal.
Short Horn Whisky, $2.50 gal.
Irish Whisky, $3.00 per gal.
All Wines and Liquors at Reduced Rates.

All Articles Guaranteed as to Quality.

NEW HOLIDAY GOODS

ALL OTHER

Groceries

AND

Provisions

At Same Reasonrble, Low Rates

Country Orders Respectfully Solicited

SBARBORO & CO.

Pioneer Grocers

531 WASHINGTON ST.

Send for monthly catalogue.

Country Produce Exchange

City Orders Called For

Telephone number 180.

The California Catholic

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Henry I. Fisher, Editor & Publisher
OFFICE, 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—$1.50 per year, strictly in advance.

Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico. To all other countries, 50 cents year additional. Portions of a year, pro rata.

No papers sent to any address after expiration of the time for which payment has been made.

Trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company. For sale by all newsdealers.

Make all checks, drafts, express and post-office orders payable to HENRY I. FISHER, 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of December.

Dec. 9—Second Sunday in Advent. Sacred Heart College, San Francisco.
St. Helena's, St. Helena.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, December 15th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Dec. 9, Sunday—2nd of Advent—St. Leocadia, V. M. (304.)
Dec. 10, Monday—Holy House of Loretta (1294)—St. Melchiadis, P. M.
Dec. 11, Tuesday—St. Damasus, P. (384.
Dec. 12, Wednesday—Our Lady of Guadeloupe—St. Adelaide, W. (Empress, 999.)
Dec. 13, Thursday—St. Lucy, V. M. (303.)
Dec. 14, Friday—St. Spiridion, Bp. (347.)
Dec. 15, Saturday—St. Christina, V. (Slave, 200.)

The Immaculate Conception.

Holy Church to-day honors by special feast the Immaculate Conception of Mary Mother of God. Eve the mother of the human race was created sinless. Holy Scripture witnesses that the prophet Jeremias, and St. John the Forerunner of Christ were born without sin. Christian children are sanctified and made sinless by baptism. But to Mary alone was accorded the singular privilege of being conceived spotless. She was begotten like all other of the sons of men. Her aged parents were S. S. Joachim and Anne. In the ordinary way of nature from them Mary's body was formed. And had God not interposed the rational soul created by Him on entering Mary's body at the instant of conception would like that of the children of Adam have incurred the stain of original sin. But God did interpose. For the sake of His Divine Son to be born of her, and by the Redeemer's foreseen merits, her soul was preserved from the stain of the fallen race. Instead of derogating from the merits of Christ, it exalts them. Mary stood in need of redemption as we did. Ours is a redemption of liberation restoring through baptism the ruins made by sin; hers is a redemption of preservation saving her from contracting original sin. Contrasting the sinlessness of Christ with that of Mary, the famed Bossuet addresses our Lord in these words: "Thou art innocent by nature, Mary only by grace; Thou by excellence, she only by privilege; Thou as Redeemer, she as the first of those whom thy precious blood has purified. To this first-born of redemption, so privileged, flowed (1) the virtures and gifts of the Holy Ghost, (2) the gift of impeccability, not physical as was the case with the soul of Christ because it was united with the divine nature, but moral inasmuch as she was forearmed with such great grace, that though she preserved the ability to sin, it was quite certain she never would; (3) preservation from that appetite of sense, known as concupisence, which disposes us to sin by forestalling reason or opposing its empire.

Pope Pius IX. after six years' consultation with the bishops of the Catholic world, did on December 8, 1854 define the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as a truth contained in the original teaching of the Apostles and therefore an article of Divine Faith.

Mary Immaculate: Patron of the United States.

The Immaculate Conception has special interest for our country. For at the request of our bishops, the Holy See sanctioned placing our nation under the patronage of Mary Immaculate. The feast kept on this 8th day of December is a Holy-day of Obligation, and the Offices and Liturgy are solemnly celebrated as a Double of the first class with an octave. We know how fervently the patrons of other nations are loved, honored and imitated. We, who are so highly favored, should show our devotion to our spotless Mother. To her the Church applies the words of the Book of Ecclesiasticus: "I am the Mother of fair love, of fear and of knowledge, and of holy hope." True devotion to her must animate, excite, and develop in us these fou r virtues—love, fear, knowledge, and confidence. In the words of a saintly and learned author "Love of Mary is so closely connected with the love of God that one cannot exist without the other. The fear of displeasing Mary is the avoidance of sin, the object of honor to her as well as to God. The knowledge of Mary is the surest means of arriving at a great and profound knowledge of God. Confidence in Mary throws us obedient and reassured into the arms of God's mercy."

Of the Immaculate have we an unceasing request to make. Unhappily our nation is in greater part made up of those who know not fully the Gospel of Christ. Souls whose energy and self devotion make us honestly say in the words of S. Paul, we "bear them witness that they have a zeal of God." To lead them into the fulness of light, to aid them enter the One Fold under the One Shepherd, should be the burning desire of every faithful Catholic heart. But who can aid more powerfully than the Queen Conceived without original sin, Virgin Mother of Jesus, Founder of the Church, One Holy Catholic and Apostolic?

Father Ducey.

The Record-Union of Sacramento, reproduces the article in our last issue on Father Ducey, and writes an editorial thereon. While speaking very flatteringly of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, and admitting that "every religious organization must have some authoritive head to discipline" those to whom it delegates jurisdiction, the journal thinks that Archbishop Corrigan, under cover of admonishing the priest took occasion to "denounce a public legislative inquiry into official corruption." The Record Union may rest assured, that none more than practical Catholics sincerely condemn the horrible discoveries of the Lexow Committee, and they are pained and humiliated that so many professing their faith, should be among the evil-doers. But let it be remembered that Recorder elect Goff, the courageous prosecutor, is a devout Catholic. And were the Archbishop and any of his priests authoritatively summoned to give evidence, they would indubitably comply. It ought to be borne in mind that a parish priest as Father Ducey is, has onerous duties to fulfill day by day. These cannot be neglected. Again the impression prevailed that the Rev. Father was acting as secretary for the Pope to which an inspired denial had to be given in the Osservatore Romano. It will be readily admitted the disclosures of the committee do not tend to the edification of any one. And the uncalled for presence of a priest day by day in such an atmosphere, might easily be a cause of scandal to weaker brethren. We await further developments, which we feel will justify the Archbishop's action and exonerate him from any but the highest of motives.

Holy Church during the Advent season "desires that her children should practice fasting, works of penance, meditation and prayer, in order to prepare themselves for celebrating worthily the coming of the Son of God in the flesh, to promote His spiritual advent within their own souls, and to school themselves to look forward with hope and joy to His second advent, when He shall come again to judge mankind."

Portland's New Cathedral.

His Grace Archbishop Gross, who has just returned to Portland, after an extended tour of his diocese, has been very busy of late in overseeing the erection of the new cathedral building, at Sixteenth and Davis streets. This edifice is nearing completion and will be finished within a few days. The present St. Mary's cathedral building, at Third and Stark streets, will then be torn away, and a business block erected on its site. The archbishop says that with the removal of the residents from the lower streets, and the building of churches in the different parts of the city, the natural center for St. Mary's cathedral congregation is much farther west. He has purchased a block jnst north of the one on which the present temporary cathedral is being constructed, and will there build what he pleases to call his grand cathedral, a beautiful structure, which he has already had designed. The temporary house of worship, which will be readv for occupancy within a very short time, is 100 feet square. When the grand cathedral is built, these quarters will be dedicated to the use of the boys' school, the present location of which, on South Fourth street, is not sufficiently commodious for its requirements. An addition is being built to the private building on the grounds of the German Catholic church at Sixteenth and Davis, which will be used as the qaarters of the archbishop and priests, and their present quarters in St. Mary's hall will be used for business purposes.

(*Continued from first page,*)

The Ancient British Church.

who survived, were driven to the west. The new England was a heathen country. The religion of Woden and Thor triumphed over the religion of Christ. Conversion was made by S. Augustine; and the Church IN England reconstructed by the Pope of Rome. The present Church OF England can only seek its parentage in the Episcopacy established by St. Gregory the Great. Would that its earnest zealous members listened to the fervid invitatious of Pope Pius IX and Leo XIII to return to the same obedience as the first Archbishops of Canterbury and York. To their consideration we beg respectfully to submit the 46th sermon of S. Augustine, Doctor of Holy Church, who fought valiantly for the unity of doctrine and of the Body of Christ.

"Not all heretics are over the face of the earth; some here, some there, but no place without them. They do not even know each other. There is one sect in Africa; another heresy in the east; another in Egypt; another in Mesopotamia. There are different heresies in different places, but one mother Pride bore them all, as our one mother the Catholic Church bears all faithful Christians spread through the whole world. Wonder not then, if pride engender separation, as charity bears unity. Yet the Catholic mother, the Shepherd Himself, who is in her, everywhere, seeks out the wandering, strengthens the weak, heals the sick, binds up the broken, those from one quarter, those from another, who do not know each other. She, however, knows them all, because she is spread among them all. For instance, there is the party of Donatus in Africa, but not the Eunomians; the Catholic Church, however, is here with the party of Donatus. In the East there are Eunomians, but no Donatists; yet with the Eunomians there is the Catholic Church; *she is there as a Vine spreading everywhere in her increase;* they are like useless vine-branches, cut off by the husbandman's pruning knife for their barrenness, which looked to be thought the Vine but not for pruning. . . . . *Those branches then lie where they were cut off, but the Vine, increasing everywhere, knows both the branches which have remained in her, and those which were cut off lying by her.*"

T. J. CAPEL.

The Pope and the Czar.

Great sorrow has been felt in the Vatican upon the reception of the news of the Czar's death. The Holy Father at once manifested his sympathy in a formal and public way by sending the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Russian Legation to convey his condolences. The actions of an autocratic ruler make his responsibility very great, and Alexander III. had done very much to merit the good will of Europe. His work as a peacemaker was striking and will be handed down to history as one of his chief merits, but while weighing the facts of his reign we must not forget that his instituting first informal and then formal diplomatic relations with the Roman See is a far-reaching and powerful action which will beneficially influence both the Russian Empire and the world at large. Telegrams expressive of a cordial sympathy have already been exchanged between Leo XIII. and the new Czar.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by $1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 17x14 inches. Taken from any photograph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription

to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

Fine wines and liqours for holiday use—finest grades, lowest prices, at Sbarboro & Co.'s, 531 Washington street. *

BIG PAY FOR TEA TASTERS.

One Expert Is Reported to Receive a Salary of $50,000 a Year.

"Since the Canadian Pacific railroad was completed and a line of steamers established from the orient," said a tea taster to a reporter, "immense cargoes of tea have been going there from China, Japan and other countries. It has been my business to examine and taste various samples from these cargoes. I have also visited Ceylon and nearly all of the tea growing countries of the orient to observe the mode of putting up the tea. It is astonishing the way they manage it adulterate it over there. The packers are so skillful that they slip in a great deal of inferior tea and work it off under good brands. This makes the merchants who afterward handle it complain. Packages of tea of a certain brand will be found all that could be desired, while other packages bearing the same brand and in the same cargo will be highly adulterated. As this tea is very costly, there is need of experts to examine it. They must be good ones, for everything depends for the time being on their judgment. A taster can only taste a few hours at a time, when he is weakened and has to take a rest. Besides this, when he begins a job of tasting, he must take special pains to get himself in shape for it. I was about six weeks getting myself ready for examining some cargoes in the warehouses here for the government. Before I began I did not taste intoxicants in any form and did not even smoke. At the same time I was careful not to eat strong peppers or spices, or, in fact, anything that could distort the taste. One must be in as perfect condition, in order tc properly judge of the teas he tastes, as a horse is when prepared for the Derby. He must be at his best and must feel that he is. The best tea tasters of the country make enormous sums, considering the time employed; $10,000. a year is a low sum, and oftentimes from $20,000 to $30,000 is made, and even more. I know a man in the business who made $50,000. It all depends on his standing, the number of times he is called as a taster and what he can endure."—San Francisco Examiner.

HE BATTERED HIS OWN CLOTHES.

His Bright Cook Succeeded In Getting the Better of Him.

A citizen of Kiev, Russia, found fault with the dinner prepared by his new cook and rashly embodied his criticism in cutting sarcasms. The young woman heard him in silence. In the evening he knocked up against a man in a deserted little street, and when he ventured to remonstrate he was vigorously assaulted. Unable to get the better of his adversary, he determined to do what he could at least to identify him later on, and with this object in view tore his assailant's fashionable clothes into shreds. On his return home, some few hours later, he found the cook standing at the door, ready to shake the dust of his house off her feet. The gentleman, whose wounds and bruises left him in no very amiable mood, simply said: "Joy be with you! Some time will pass before you get another place. And as to character—well, trust me to give you one that will stick."

On the following morning he discovered that his best clothes in the wardrobe were in tatters and his glossy silk hat an unsightly wreck. Hastily summoning the other servants to the room, he angrily asked them what they knew about the matter, whereupon the nurse replied that the cook, in one of her freaks of fun, had donned her master's garments and gone out to walk in them the evening before, sticking on an artificial mustache to help to keep up the illusion. Then it dawned upon the wretched man that his assailant of the day before was the touchy, turbulent cook. Less than a fortnight later he received a letter through the city post informing him, in somewhat ungrammatical but unmistakable language, "You lied about the place, respected sir, when you said I could not get another if I left yours. I've been in five different places since then, and I'll be going to the sixth next Monday. Trusting your bones isn't aching, I remain Praskovia."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Speed of Electricity.

The fact is generally known that, according to the experiments of the late Professor Heinrich Hertz at Bonn, the velocity with which electricity is propagated is nearly identical with the velocity of light. The identity may be perfect, but experiments have as yet failed to prove it so.

In a recent communication to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Mascart has shown that the mean velocity of electricity, as deduced from experiments, is 188,185 miles per second. This is about 1 per cent greater than the velocity of light, which is 186,300 miles per second.

It is believed that if light and electricity do move with exactly the same speed the velocity ascribed to light more closely represents that speed than the velocity ascribed to electricity, because the experiments are most satisfactory and probably more accurate in the case of light.—Youth's Companion.

A Curious Belief.

There is a curious belief among some of the colored people of this city, Maryland and Virginia. It is no uncommon sight to see them with a little knot of kinky hair right on top of the head, tied up tightly with a bit of string or ribbon. If you ask any of these old uncles or aunties the meaning of the strange hairdressing, they will say, "Why, hunny, I does dat to keep my pallet from falling down my throat and chokin me."—Washington Post.

Modern Improvements.

Schoolboy (wearily)—What's the use of learning all this stuff?

Teacher—It is chiefly to cultivate the memory.

Schoolboy—Don't you think it would be more sensible to buy a phonograph?—Good News.

Choice Catholic Literature.

Suitable for the Home, or Sunday School Library.

Elegant 18mo cloth bound books with gilt side name and stamp, offered at ONE-HALF the regular price.

SUITABLE FOR

Christmas Presents

At the suggestion of a number of the reverend clergy we have determined to offer the choice of any one of the following elegantly bound books, containing choice Catholic Stories, mainly for young people, at one-half the regular price. Every book has been approved by ecclesiastical authority, and all are by approved Catholic writers.

Price **20** cents each and one coupon for each book.

SPECIAL RATES IN QUANTITIES TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

READ THE LIST.

Adventures of Travel
Affections, Tales of the
Agnes, and other Sketches
Angels' Visits
Angel Dreams
Antonio; or, the Orphan of Florence
Apprentice (The), and other Sketches
Artists [Catholic], Tales of
Bad Example
Beautiful Little Rose
Chapel of the Angels
Crusade of the Children
Elierton Priory
Emma s Cross, and other Tales
Faith and Loyalty and the Chip Gatherers
Florestine
Frederick Wilmot
Harry O'Brien, and other Tales
Hermit of Mt. Atlas
Honor O'More's Three Homes
Hope of the Katzekopfs
Idleness and Industry
James Chapman
Joe Baker
Lame Millie
Leo: or, The Choice of a Friend
Lepanto, Battle of, etc
Medellene, the Rosiere
Mary Benedicta, and other Stories
May-Day, and other Tales
Naval and Military Life, Tales of
Nettlethorpe the Miser
Rivals, the
St. Maurice
Scenes and Incidents at Sea
Schoolboys [The] and the Boy and the Man
Scrivener's Daughter and Orange Girl
Select Popular Tales
Select Tales for the Young
Sir Elfrie, and other Tales
South of France, Tales of the
Stories of Other Lands
Tales for the Young
Truth and Trust
Two Painters, the
Uncle Edward's Stories
Young Astronomer, The
Young Emigrants, The

Make selections of one or more, indicating first, second or third choice. Owing to our distance from the source of supply it may be impossible always to keep a stock of each number on hand.

BOOK COUPON.

This coupon when accompanied by 20 cents will entitle the holder to choice of any Book in above list offered by the

CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

Henry I. Fisher,
Editor and Publisher
Room 10, Montgomery Block,
628 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Fair at Alameda to be Continued Another Week.

DEATH OF A BROTHER.

Entertainment at San Jose, and Matters of Interest on the Pacific Coast.

To-day being a holiday of obligation, masses will be celeblatee at nearly all the churches at the same hours as on Sundays.

Alameda.

The ladies' fair in aid of the building fund of the new St. Joseph's church is a pronounced success, and one of the pleasantest places in town to spend an evening. Each of the tables displays a tempting array of articles, and a corps of energetic workers are busy getting in the coin which will be needed to pay for the new building. It was a happy inspiration of Rev. Father Sullivan to hold the fair at a time when the new building was to far advanced towards completion that its beauties could be thoroughly appreciated. It has spurned every one in the parish to greater exertions, and the financial success of the fair is already assured.

The first thing that strikes the visitor on entering is the tasty arrangement of the booths. At the entrance, to the right and left respectively, are the Pioneer booth and the booth of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society. Then comes the fish-pond, a never-ending source of interest to the youngsters, who gleefully fish out thefr captured prizes. The wheel of fortune, with its constant rat-a-tat-tat, occupies the center of the hall. The Sunday-school booth and that of the Children of Mary are opposite each other. The ladies of the Sunday-school booth wear black ribbon badges, on which are marked the letters "S. S. B."

The candy booth is at the foot of the stage to the right, and on the left side the ladies who have charge of the refreshment booth have a choice assortment of articles, in addition to the refreshments they distribute with so lavish a hand. All the ladies of the of the different booths, while keenly anxious to earn as much as possible, are not unduly importunate, and visitors are not troubled with persistent ticket sellers. This is one reason the fair is so popular.

"Impressario" Goggin has presented every night a choice program of music, which has been thoroughly enjoyed. These wifl be continued through the remaining nights of the fair. After the program is over, the loud voiced "spieler" mounts his chair, and in tones stentonan announces the wares the ladies have for sale, or calls the name of seme winner, and the mad whirl goes gaily on. On Wednesevening the Young Men's Instite were out in force, and liberally patronized all the stands, from the lemonade booth to the refreshment table on the stage.

The inclement weather several nights during the week deterred a great many from attending, and as everybody in the parish wants to go to the fair, Father Sullivan has determined to give them a chance by keeping it open a week longer. The tables will be newly stocked and a very intercsting program presented every night. So far the fair has more than met the expectations of the ladies.

The finishing touches are being put on the church, and the work of getting it ready for dedication is rapidly progressing. The date has not yet been set, but will probably be announced to-morrow at mass.

San Jose.

The students of St. Joseph's college gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the college hall on Friday evening of last week, which was largely attended by their parents and friends. The program was as follows:

"Dudes of '83"(Weingarten,) orchestra; recitation, "Holy Mother Guide His Footsteps" (Skelly,) Mrs. J. Neifing and Miss M. Harrison; recitation, "Mrs. McGoogan," Miss L. Rainford; "Let Me Dream Again')' Herman,) orchestra; flute solo selections, R. Lenz; song, "Aria" (Salvatore Roza,) Miss M. Harrison; zither solo selections, Prof. Posky; "Cecilia Waltz," with introduction (Kaufman,) orchestra; song, "Love's Sorrow" (Skelly,) R. Lenz; recitation comicalities, Dr. W. H. Sieberst; plantation songs (Herman,) orchestra.

The pupils of the Notre Dame Sunday-school gave a very enjoyable entertainment on Wednesday afternoon of last week. The tableaux were a distinctive feature, as artistic and beautiful as impressive living pictures which will find a place in memory forever—concrete teaching, far above all mere abstract lessons. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the taste and skill displayed, and the perfect manner in which the pupils sustained their respective parts. There was not a break nor a flaw from the first number to the last.

Rev. Fathers Mahoney and Walshe were present with several hundred guests and the pupils of the College of Notre Dame. Father Mahoney gave one of his clear and characteristic addresses urging parents to co-operate more and more with the teachers of their children that daily greater good could be achieved by all pulling together.

Mendocino City.

Rev. J. R. Ferguson, formerly of St. Bridgets' Church of this city who is now pastor of Mendocino City, recently delivered a lecture on "True Americanism." The "Beacon" of that city in speaking of the lecture says:

"The well known eloquence of the speaker and the interesting subject he had chosen attracted a large crowd, and all were highly entertained for nearly two hours, whether or not agreeing with the views expressed. The lecture was devoted wholly to a review of the work and aims of the American Protective Association, an organization whose principles, the speaker declared, were in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States and repugnant to every idea of true Americanism. He reviewed the patriotism of the Catholics in the revolutionary war and on subsequent occasions. It was a Catholic who discovered America; thirteen of the signers were of the same faith and many of the Generals of the civil war were Catholics. The Constitution guaranteed religious liberty, and Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Grant had pointed out the dangers that would beset the Republic the moment bigotry and intolerance gained a foothold in the country.

Victoria, B. C.

Rev. Father Michaud, who designed and built the first Roman Catholic Church in this province—which is now the chapel of St. Ann's convent—is revisiting the scenes of his early labors, a guest at the palace on Yates street. The reverend father visited Rome a quarter of a century ago and there studied the architecture of St. Peter's, with which as his model he drew the plans for St. Peter's at Montreal. Father Michaud has also in his useful lifetime built many convents and hospitals throughout the Canadian provinces.

Santa Clara.

The funeral of Brother William McClelland, S. J., who died at Santa Clara college on Wednesday night took place from St. Claire's Church on Friday morning of last week. The deceased was a native of Ireland, 29 years of age, and came from New York to this State in 1880, three years later locating in San Jose. He joined the Jesuit order on October 3, 1883, going to the Los Gatos novitiate. In 1890 he was removed to the college where he made many warm friends. He was never in very robust health and after one week's illness he succumbed to the ravages of pulmonary consumption.

Hanford.

Rev. Father Brady and John McEntee left for Hanford, Kings county, Wednesday morning in private conveyance, going by way of Priest Valley, near which place they crossed the Gabilan mountains. Father Brady has been appointed pastor at Hanford and goes there for the purpose of taking charge of that parish. His place in Gonzales will be filled by Rev. John Reynolds of San Deigo.

Oakland.

John J. Clark has completed the new sets of plans for the reconstruction of St. Mary's College of the Christian Brothers, which was gutted by fire a few weeks ago. The contracts for the slate work, amounting to $9,195, and for the rough carpentry, amounting to $11,700, have already been let.

West Oakland.

A novena in honor of the golden jubilee of the League of the Sacred Heart has been in progress during the week at St. Patrick's church. It was held under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, and called the Norena of Grace. The exercises consisted of mass in the morning, benediction and sermon in the evening. In no parish in the State is greater devotion manifested to the Sacred Heart than in Father McNally's. Nearly the entire parish was apparently present at all the exercises.

St. Mary's Cathedral.

Rev. William Kirby, who has for a number of years been one of the most popnlar priests of this city, left here a few days ago on a visit to Ireland. The trip is not one of pleasure, for he is returning home to administer the last rites of the church to his dying father. Since last September, when his wife passed away, the father of the priest has been very ill. Mr. Kirby has for many years been a prominent merchant in the old country, and he has accumuiated considerable property.

San Luis Obispo.

The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society have decided to give a Christmas tree for the benefit of the poor. Every Tuesday afternoon a committee of the ladies will receive donations at Y. M. I. hall and the next morning publish a list of the donors in the local paper. Mrs. L. Dorsey is secretary of the branch.

Marvsville.

The second number of "The Sparrow," a college journal, was issued last week from the Convent of Notre Dame. It is a very neat four-page journal, full of interesting reading. Mabel Shoo is the principal editor, assisted by Mary Sharkey and Mary Waldron.

Monterey.

Rev. Father Mestres has had plans drawn for a new Catholic school to be erected in Monterey. The plans show a very graceful edifice which will be an ornament to the town.

Here and There.

Rev. Father Yorke and Rev. Father Woods, S. J., will, it is announced, conduct a mission at St. Andrew's church, Victoria, shortly. It may not be generally known that Father Woods is the son of Archdeacon Woods, of the Anglican church at Westminster.

On Wednesday the feast of Our Lady of Gaudalupe will be celebrated with imposing ceremonies at the Spanish Church, on Broadway, above Mason.

The pupils of St. Joseph's Convent, Sacramento, gave a very enjoyable entertainment in honor of Thanksgiving day last week. The assembly-room was handsomely decorated with the national colors and evergreens, and an excellent program was carefully rendered.

The Sisters of the Holy Family gave their usual Thanksgiving Day feast to the little ones of their various day homes last week. A number of the charitable ladies of the city assisted.

The Catholic Central Club.

Being mindful of the truth set forth in the ancient saying: In union there is strenghth, and having the welfare of all his fellowmen at heart, the founder of the Catholic Central Club called men and women together nearly one year ago, to organize a Catholic Central Society. No aggressive movement against members of other denominations was intended. Catholics simply wanted to know, entertain and instruct each other for mutual advantage, encourage and assist the afflicted and take care of the needy.

Acquaintance is a strong safeguard against vice and a necessity to good citizenship, for the influence of many good people is a powerful stimulant to the weak and fallen.

A union of Catholics, irrespective of sex, which cautiously admits new members and enforces strictly the principles of our holy religion, must become a mighty factor of a nation, a living illustration of the practicability and excellency of the Catholic Faith, and an irresistable attraction for our brothers of other denominations.

Its importance is well understood by Right Rev. George Montgomery, the present bishop of Los Angeles, who at the conception of the organization encouraged the prime mover by saying: "You may say in my name that I consider it a very good idea to organize such a society." On the 11th inst. a social and literary entertainment will be given under the anspices of this society in Social Hall, Alcazar building. An interesting program has been prepared. One of its features will be a short recitation in four different languages by a member of the Catholic Central Club. Only the best of talent has otherwise been procured. The entertainment will commence at 8 o'clock sharp. Tickets of admission are sold at 25 cents apiece at drug store, corner Polk and Eddy streets, and at headquarters of the C. L. A. S. and Y. L. I. FRANK SCHILLING.

The Catholic Record.

The first number of the new monthly published by Thos. J. O'Neil, entitled the Catholic Record, made its appearance on Saturday. The number is very interesting and excellently gotten up. Considerable space is devoted to news, and an interesting miscellaneous selection of articles also furnish one of its features. The publisher is a young man of energy, and his new venture bids fair to be a success.

Catholic Home Annual.

This excellent annual, issued by Benziger Bros., is as usual replete with interesting and timely matter. The annual calendar is a necessity in every Catholic home, and the low price at which this one is offered, besides its completeness in detail, makes it a most desirable one. For a frontispiece it has a beautifully colored picture of the Holy Family, and the entire book is embellished with a series of finely executed and tasty cuts. For sale by A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street.

The Coming Holidays.

Now is the time when the careful housewife begins to make her preparations for the approaching holidays. Naturally after laying out her plans, she begins to look around to see what she wants, and at the same time to consider the cheapest place where to obtain the best goods. Consequently she directs her steps to the store of Sbarboro & Co., 531 Washington street, where can always be found the choicest assortment of holiday goods. Nuts of all kinds, candied peels and fruits, Smyrna figs, olives and all kinds of dainties. Then there is extra mince-meat, choice tinned plum puddings, and other labor-saving goods. Of candles also they have a storeful, both of pure beeswax and of the kind to delight the children while on the tree. The only way to find out what they have that you may need is to pay them a visit and see for yourself.

New Reading Circle.

A Catholic Reading Circle has been organized among the members of the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius Church.

The society will meet every Tuesday evening in the Sodality Library Hall at 8 P. M.

The following officers have been elected: President, Edmund W. Henderson; vice-president, R. O. Driscoll; secretary, D. C. B. McCarthy; treasurer, R. J. Wellbank: censor, Rev. Father Wood, S. J.

George H. Bahrs.

Among the four successful candidates for the office of Superior judge at the late municipal election was Gerge H, Bahrs, who is known to be a well trained lawyer, and one who will no doubt fill his position on the bench with credit. In view of the excesdingly lively campaign, the election of Mr. Bahrs is an honor to be appreciated.

Mr. Bahrs is still a young man, but he has made his mark in the legal profession, and holds the respect and esteem of the members of the bar in San Francisco, where he has pratice. Two years ago Mr. Bahrs ran for the same office, and notwithstanding the fact that at that election a Democratic wave swept over the city, carrying everything before it, he ran 2,500 ahead of his ticket.

Hon. W. W. Stow.

Among the many beautiful places on this peninsula, San Franciscans are prouder of Golden Gate Park than aught else. Where once the wild west wind moaned unrestrained over miles of sand dunes is now one of the finest garden spot of all the world. The commissioners in charge of the people's pleasure grounds are men who bend their every energy to enhancing its beauties, and no one of the board is more deserving of praise than is Hon. W. W. Stow. Under his watchful care and supervision many improvements have been made, and many more are in contemplation. During his term of office Mr. Stow has seen many acres reclaimed, Huntington falls constructed, and in Stow lake will there always be an open reminder of the energetic mind which added this new beauty at the foot of Strawberry hill.

Mr. Stow has also won distinction in other fields. Old Californians remember Mr. Stow well as a member of the Legislature, and later as a Speaker of the House, and his vigorous action in that body in furtherance of measures for the State's good. On the conclusion of his term in the Legislature Mr. Stow engaged in the practice of of his profession—law, and won an honorable and notable name. His principal practice was in land law, though the other civil branches were not neglected.

Mr. Stow was born at Binghampton, Broome Co., N. Y., and concluded his education at Hamilton college. His early studies were English, but his people settled in the United States in very early days. His grandfather on his father's side was a soldier in the Revolutionary war on the American side. His mother's family are connected with the Whitneys, one of whom filled a cabinet position during President Cleveland's first term. In fact, both branches of his family are connected with names well known in American history.

Mr. Stow arrived in this State in 1852. He located in Santa Cruz county, and engaged in the practice of his profession, and it was from that county he was sent to the legislature. He then removed to San Francico, where he has since remained, and where his firmness of purpose and honesty of dealing have made for him a legiou of friends.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK.

This progressive institution enters a new year under very satisfactory conditions. The past twelve months resulted in a large increase of business. This bank is one of our most conservative establishments, but yet, pardoxical as it may seem, its prudence and conservatism are also accompanied with that enterprise that belongs to the west. It is fully abreast of the progress and advancement that characterizes this State, for San Francisco and California are progressive, much as may be said against that. There is a coustant development as shown in our new industries and the enlargement of the old ones, our new buildings on every hand, etc,

In its management is shown great financial ability, and the conditions of our growing city are responded to by it, as we statcd before in speaking of it. Its history shows uniformity indeed in advancement, for from the beginning, guided by able financiers it has steadily progressed, The bank is justly regarded by our people with great favor, for beyond the fact of its financial stability, it is accommodating and liberal to those having dealings with it. It is esseptially a California bank. The London, Paris and American Bank is the successor of the once well-known house of Lazard Freres, and was incorporated under the present name in London, January 9, 1884. It is under the management of Messrs. Sig Greenbaum and Charles Altschul, both of whom are residents here and men of unquestioned ability in financial circles. The bank premises are eligibly located in a favorable portion of the city, and are finely equipped and thoroughly appointed in every particular. The present location, Sansome and Sutter, is a most admirable one for banking purposes. A general banking business is transacted, deposits are received and accounts opened, foreign and domestic exchange is given at the lowest ruling rates, collections are made, commercial and travelers' credits, available in all parts of the world are issued, loans are negotiated, etc. The head offices are located in London, and branch agencies are also established in Paris and New York. The total resources of the bank amount to $8,500,000, estimated, a large portion of which is money on hand, the balance being secured in loans on real estate, stocks, bonds, warrants and other solid securities.

Frank T. Shea — Will D. Shea
Shea & Shea
ARCHITECTS
6 Montgomery St., San Francisco
Telephone 911.

Painless Extraction a Specialty!!
DENTISTRY
In all its Branches.
Dr. T. H. Morris,
SURGEON DENTIST
47 POST STREET
Rooms 1, 2 and 9
Corner Kearny, San Francisco

Kohler & Chase
Kohler & Chase keep in stock all the leading makes of PIANOS, offering unequalled advantages to customers who are seeking the best instruments at the lowest possible prices.
1013 BROADWAY, OAKLAND, Cal.

THE POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE.
1334-1336 STOCKTON ST., Near Vallejo — San Francisco
Extra bargains in dress goods
Just received a full line of Tennis Flannels, latest patterns 10c. per yd
Lace Curtains, 75c. a pair
Full size all wool California White Blankets, Reduced to $4.75 former price $6.00
New Goods Received Every Day.
NATHAN & STURMTHAL
Proprietors.

John T. Greany
Attorney-at-Law
14 GRANT AVENUE, San Francisco.

McGinn Bros
Funeral Directors
31 EDDY STREET, San Francisco
TELEPHONE 3252

Jas. English — T. R. Carew
CAREW & ENGLISH
Undertakers and Embalmers
FUNERAL ❋ DIRECTORS
19 VAN NESS AVENUE
Near Market St., San Francisco
Telephone 3156

H. B. McAvoy — H. J. Gallagher
McAVOY & GALLAGHER
[Successors to Flanagan and Gallagher.]
FUNERAL ❋ DIRECTORS
NO. 20 FIFTH ST.
Opp. Lincoln School, S. F.
The Finest Funeral Furniture, Hearses, Carriages, etc., always on hand and furnished at the Shortest Notice.
Telephone 308

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR
EVERYTHING READY FOR CHISTMAS.
Without saying too much about it we want to inform you that we are ready to show you
The Largest, the Best, the Most Complete
—STOCK OF—
TOYS AND FANCY GOODS
Ever offered in this city.
—OUR STORE—
REBUILT AND REMODELLED.
Is Filled With
Newest Goods at Lowest Prices
Don't Miss This
GRAND
Holiday Display
—OF—
BOOKS AND PRESENTS.
SUITABLE FOR OLD AND YOUNG
—AND THE—
DOLL AND TOY EXHIBITING
—NOW ON—
IN OUR SPACIOUS TOY ROOMS.
DAVIS BROTHERS.
718 MARKET ST. AND 1234 MARKET ST.

PERILS OF THE OCEAN

INVENTIVE GENIUS TO THE AID OF DISTRESSED MARINERS.

Many Absurd Devices Proffered—All Are Considered by the Life Saving Service Board—Cutting the Throat of the Timid With a Feather.

In order that the surfmen who patrol our beaches, ready to lend their assistance to distressed mariners, may have at their command the most efficient apparatus inventive genius can suggest, a board on life saving appliances appointed by the secretary of the treasury is connected with the life saving service and convenes upon the call of the president about once a year to consider the merits of all boats, apparatus or methods which may be presented to them with a view to adoption in that service if found practicable. This board makes public tests of the apparatus presented for adoption, and their report is embodied in the annual report of the life saving service for the year in which the investigations were made.

Many valuable suggestions are brought to the attention of the board which secure for the use of the service strong lines and effective gear. But some of the schemes and apparatus offered in good faith are so ridiculously absurd as to require but a very short report, and the decision is "found impracticable," the board being good enough to "cut his throat with a feather" in order that timid genii with meritorious apparatus may not be unduly discouraged or frightened at the decision made upon these devices and thereby deterred from presenting something which might be of incalculable value to humanity.

One of the peculiar facts ascertained by the investigations of the board is that those who are probably most apt to submit models and descriptions are those who know least about the real dangers and consequent needs of a stranded or stranding vessel. Some of the conceptions of the inland residents are truly marvelous.

The subject easily divides itself into three heads: Boats for going out through the surf, apparatus for effecting communication between the shore and stranded vessels, and means for preventing strandings. The devices to be considered as coming first are most naturally those to prevent strandings, and only recently a scheme was presented in which the government was urged to stretch a very large cable the entire length of the coast some distance from the shore anchored with mushroom anchors. Thus if a vessel were dragging her anchor she would float over this cable toward the rocks until the flukes of her anchor engaged with the cable, where she would be held safe and sound. No provision is made for preventing the parting of her chains, however. But the scheme of stretching a large cable from Maine to Mexico and stringing thereon mushroom anchors like bangles on a necklace will hardly meet the approval of congress.

Another amateur submits sketches and drawings, minus the pretty painted model, however, of a great boat intended to run simply by opening a gate valve in two large longitudinal tubes which open fore and aft below the water line. The valves are open when the boat is launched, and the water rushes into the forward intake and passes out at the stern. The water, passing out, pushes the boat forward, and the intake helps relieve the resistance on the bows, so that the boat, of course, is propelled by the water passing through these tubes. The boat thus goes on forever through the surf most speedily because the water is driven out through the stern most forcibly in a boisterous sea. To stop the boat the valves are closed.

Another bright man with a less cumbersome contrivance, although the action is as hard or harder to understand, suggests a lifeboat or life raft built upon the exact model of a window shutter or blind, arguing that the water, operating upon the slats, will set them vibrating, and that this vibration by its action upon its own motive force will cause the boat to work forward against wind and tide. Bathers at Atlantic City a couple of summers ago will no doubt remember this inventor and his shutter.

A heart swelling with pity—it ought to be a woman's—for the poor drenched captain's wife, rescued through the mountainous surf from a vessel fast breaking up, has suggested a canvas cover similar to a wagon cover tightly fastened down to the gunwale as a protection from the wet. The dear soul, however, never stopped to consider the tremendous force with which the breakers, which at times turn a 34 foot lifeboat end over, would ride down that fragile protection, burying in its folds every one underneath. And those members of the board who had served at sea shivered when they read the description of this "protection" and pictured to themselves their exciting endeavors to extricate themselves from the ruin of the death dealing contrivance suggested in love and kindness by an ignorant friend.—Washington Star.

Roman House Heaters.

Methods used by the Romans for warming their houses were clever. In Rome itself artificial warmth may have been brought rarely into use, though the Italian winter requires fires at times, but when the Roman took up his abode abroad as the conqueror he certainly lived in chilly climates. In the country houses he built in England he had carefully devised heating arrangements, which are called hypocausts. These are flues running under the tessellated floors. Fires were lit outside of the house, and the hot air passed under the floors. To do thus much required a knowledge of the builder's art, with the necessary precautions against fire. Remnants of these hypocausts are found today in England, built during the Roman occupation.—New York Times.

MEN'S ERRORS IN DRESS.

A Young Woman of Observation Says That Such Solecisms Are Common.

"It is surprising," said a young woman of observation, "how near some of you men fellows come to being properly dressed and don't quite get there. I've heard a good deal of talk and read a good deal of writing about the fine art of dressing well, but my idea is that it's just a question of the preservation of the entities. It's just like apple sauce with roast pork and currant jelly with canvasback duck—the proper thing goes with the proper thing. Yet a man may be letter perfect in his condiments, or may have a fit at seeing a water color in a velvet frame, and still wear a silk hat and a sack coat. Oh, you needn't laugh. I've seen it, not only on Broadway on a Saturday night, but I have seen it on Fifth avenue on a Sunday morning. Yes, and worse than that. I saw one young fellow going to church with two swell girls, he wearing a black silk hat and a brown sack suit. Now, do you know I call that impious.

"There are two other sins of attire that men are often guilty of—one a sin of commission, wearing an overcoat with a straw hat, and the other a sin of omission, wearing an overcoat and no gloves. These things are done all the time in their season, and yet you sinners in costume think it a good joke to see a woman in white gloves and a mackintosh—and so it is.

"There's another thing you men get woefully mixed up over—spats and gaiters. Any fool girl knows that the gaiter is used for warmth, and therefore is a part of a winter costume, while the spat was designed as an article for summer attire to keep the bottom of the light trousers from being soiled by black shoes. It is quite as awful a solecism to wear spats with dark trousers as it is to wear a gaiter over a tan shoe, yet both are committed constantly here in New York, and by men who ought to be ashamed of themselves for not knowing or not doing better.

"And, talking of tan shoes, you never will convince me that it's either correct or convenient to wear tan shoes in winter or in stormy weather. That's the time for rubbers, and goloshes over tan shoes are an incongruity that gives me the horrors. It's the same sort of debased taste that leads a man to peril his soft palate by using a cigar holder, or that leads him to outrage decency by sticking a cravat pin in a sailor's knot. And don't think for one instant that all the rest of us don't observe these things just as I do. If a man's dress is trig and trim from top to toe we admire him, even if he's as homely as sin—that is, as sin is supposed to be—but if he mixes the seasons or falls down in the nicer details of completeness we have our little sneer at him after he's gone, even though he's as good looking as you'd like to be."—New York Sun.

THE JUDGE'S MENTAL SPREE.

Lurid Indian and Detective Novels as a Means of Mild Dissipation.

The sale of 5 cent novels, descriptive of the improbable adventures of Indian fighters or the superhuman sagacity and adventure of impossible detectives, is by no means confined to the small boys of New York. A reporter loitering in a Park row book exchange was surprised to observe one of the most eminent jurists of the day overhauling a pile of this trash. He had laid aside "Broken Plume's Last Shot," "Old Cap Collier Among the White Caps," "The Boy Magician In Madagascar," "The Young Nihilist" and "Frank and the Azteo Treasure."

"What are you going to do with that stuff, judge?" the reporter asked.

"Going to read it all. It is my way of going on a spree. When I get actually worn out and run down over the study of abstruse legal problems and reach that stage when I carry my professional labor into my dreams, I just knock off for a day or two, lay in a lot of this kind of rubbish, run down to my Long Island home and just lie back and revel in the absurdities of this class of literature. It requires no mental effort whatever to peruse them, and the amusement afforded is unbounded. I get clear away from the world of deeds, mortgages, bonds, partitions, trusts and other vexations and simply allow my mind to go off on a little spree. No bad effects follow this mild form of dissipation. In fact, I am really rested by it. Try it yourself some time."—New York World.

Chinese Pawnbrokers.

Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the general one storied or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground and no outside projections by which thieves might climb up. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appeared to me more to resemble our banks where we place deeds and other valuables for safety. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there during summer their winter clothing, and loans may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.—Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., in Century.

A Case of Necessity.

Gothamite—I hear you have a Vassar graduate for a cook. Isn't it rather expensive?

Harlemite—Not very. She works for her board and clothes.

Gothamite—Why, how does she come to do that?

Harlemite—Got to. She's my wife.—Harlem Life.

Rustic Morality.

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles, uncommonly fine!

Contemplative Villager—Ah, yes, sir, if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!—London Tit-Bits.

THAT BOY JIM.

He was the "devil," that boy Jim.
Couldn't do anything good with him.
Rough and ragged, for mischief ripe,
Running errands, distributing type,
Pelting the neighbors on their heads
With brand new "furniture," "slugs" and "leads,"
From early morning to evening dim.
He was the "devil," that boy Jim!

Editor whaled him—all no good!
Head as hard as a stick of wood.
Just burst out in a loud "Hooray!"
And went right on his don't care way.
But once—when the train was passing by,
And the editor's child on the track—oh, my!
Jim, he rushed with his same don't care
Right in front of the engine there!

Child was saved, but where was Jim?
With flaming lanterns they looked for him,
While the people trembled and held their breath—
"Under the engine, crushed to death!"
There, in the dust and grime he lay—
Jim! * * * He had given his life away!
Not much need of their tears for him.
"He was an angel, that boy, Jim!"

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

A CLEVER PICKPOCKET.

He Was a Russian and Alarmed and Surprised a Grand Duke.

One day, at the dinner table of a grand duke, the French embassador extolled the dexterity of his fellow countrymen, as exemplified, among other things, in the cleverness of the Paris pickpockets.

"I should not wonder if the St. Petersburg pickpockets could give them a start," replied the grand duke. And seeing an incredulous smile play around the features of the embassador he added, "Will you bet that, before we rise from the table your watch or some other valuable will not be taken from your person?"

The embassador accepted the wager for the fun of the thing, and the grand duke telephoned to the chief constable asking him to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The latter was to receive the full value of every article he managed to "annex" and be allowed to go unpunished.

The man came and was put into livery and told to wait at table along with the other servants. The grand duke told him to give him a sign as soon as he had accomplished the trick. But he had to wait a long time, for the embassador, whose watch was the article to be experimented upon, always kept on the alert, and even held his hand to his fob when conversing with the most distinguished guests at the table. At last the grand duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the embassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a potato, instead of his watch! There was a general burst of laughter, in which the embassador himself joined, though with a wry face, for he was unmistakably annoyed. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuffbox was gone! Then he missed the seal ring from his finger, and lastly the gold toothpick which he always carried about with him in a little case. Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles, but the grand duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuffboxes, etc. His imperial highness made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time.—Neue Blatt.

The Columbian Half Dollars.

The Columbus souvenir half dollars are not medals or "tokens," but good money, and are legal tender to the amount of $10 in any one payment. There is a large demand for them. The coinage was as follows: In 1892, 950,000 pieces, value $475,000; in 1893, 4,052,105 pieces, value $2,026,052.50; total, 5,002,105 pieces, value $2,501,052.50. The coins now being issued by the treasury are of the 1893 coinage. The Columbian (or Isabella) quarter dollars coined under the law of March 3, 1892, are likewise a legal tender and redeemable. There were coined only 40,023 pieces, value $10,005.75. These were all issued to the board of lady managers and by them disposed of. The 1892 Columbian coins, being fewer in number, are more valuable as pocket pieces or to collectors than the 1893 coins. The former have all been disposed of.—Chicago Herald.

How to Get Rich.

An exchange gives the following sensible advice, which our readers might try. It is certainly a quick way to become rich: "Money makes money. No one is so poor that he cannot rake up a penny to start on. Now upon the first day of the month deposit a cent in a bank, and on each of the succeeding 30 days of the month double your deposit. Follow this programme faithfully, and at the end of the month you will be surprised to find that your account will show the sum of $5,368,709.12 to your credit. With that little sum all you have to do is to retire and let the other fellows hustle."—Pomona Progress.

Salmasius, Milton's antagonist, was a man of mild manners and quiet in speech, but his wife imagined he did not do himself justice in controversy unless he called his antagonist vile names. Some of his manuscripts are extant, containing abusive words interlined in her own handwriting.

Probably the meanest thief ever caught is Louis Bourgard of Paris, who recently, while riding in a cab, ripped open the cushions, tied the horsehair into a parcel, sold it while the cab waited for him and with the money procured from selling his "plunder" paid the cabman his fare.

A resident of England, who has been three times married, wedded a woman who had been three times a widow. Children were born in all cases, so that children of seven different parentages live under the same roof.

Albuquerque, N. M., was named by the Spanish from a town of the same name in Spain, which took its title from Alphonso d'Albuquerque, a famous Portuguese soldier.

THACKERAY WAS ANGRY.

The Sailors Who Intended to Play a Trick Changed Their Minds.

Once upon a time the daughters of Thackeray saw that good man thoroughly and heartily angry—angry to the point of profanity. It was during their Italian journey, when they were returning to the ship in Genoa harbor after a day on the shore.

"We had to be on board at a certain time," Mrs. Ritchie says in her Macmillan paper, "so that we engaged a carriage and drove quickly to the quay, where the convicts, clanking in their chains, were still at work. A boat was found, rowed by some sailors, who certainly did not wear chains, but who were otherwise not very unlike those industrious convicts in appearance. The bargain was made, we all five entered the boat, and as we were getting in we could see our great ship in the twilight, looking bigger than ever, and one rocket and then another going off toward the dawning stars.

"'They are signaling for us,' said one of our companions. 'We shall soon be on board.'

"We had pulled some 20 strokes from the shore by this time when suddenly the boatmen left off rowing. They put down their oars, and one of them began talking volubly, though I could not understand what he said. 'What's to be done?' said one of the young men to my father. They say they won't go on unless we give them 50 francs more,' and he began shaking his head and remonstrating in broken Italian. The boatmen paid no attention, shrugging their shoulders and waiting as if they were determined never to row another stroke. Then the steamer sent up two more rockets, which rose through the twilight, bidding us hurry, and then suddenly my father rose up in the stern of the boat where he was sitting, and, standing tall and erect and in an anger such as I had never seen him in before or after in all my life, he shouted out in loud and impatient English, 'D— you, go on!' a simple malediction which carried more force than all the Italian polysyllables and expostulations of our companions. To our surprise and great relief, the men seemed frightened; they took to their oars again and began to row, grumbling and muttering. When we got on board the ship, they told us it was a well known trick the Genoese boatmen were in the habit of playing upon travelers and that they would have sent a boat for us if we had delayed any longer."

A Bad Beginning.

Here is a story told by a city curate, to whom the experience happened on the occasion of his first wedding. The rector had told him to be careful to fill up the register with the correct ages of the bride and bridegroom. The ceremony having been gone through, the happy couple, who were of mature age, adjourned to the vestry to sign the register.

The bridegroom, when asked his age, gave it at once as 60, but the bride, with the modesty natural to the sex, merely said she was of full age, while when remonstrated with she pertly told the curate that it was not the first time she had gone through the ceremony, and she meant to insist upon her rights.

Finally, as the bride remained obdurate, the bridegroom, thinking to put matters straight, told the curate the age. Far from serving as the oil on the waters, this only made matters worse, for the bride flew into a passion and insisted upon the bridegroom telling her how he knew her age.

"I looked at your family Bible, my dear," was the quiet rejoinder.

"And what right had you, pray, to take such a liberty before we were married?" And the two, who had come to church as affectionate as a pair of turtledoves, left in a pet. The curate who was responsible is still wondering what was the final upshot of this unfortunate incident.—London Tit-Bits.

Not So Easily Deceived.

It is laughable—and sometimes sad, too—to see the devices adopted by the people who take a pitcher or a can to the saloon for beer.

A man has no way to hide it, and he is generally the most sensitive on the subject. Sometimes he will put it in a paper. Often he will take out a large bottle and stuff it in his pocket, and I saw one man hide a pitcher with his broad brimmed hat and saunter away from a saloon bareheaded.

Women use their aprons as covers, though I never observed one yet who didn't make her errand all the more conspicuous by this means.

One servant girl placed a can of beer at the foot of a baby's perambulator and covered it with a shawl, and I expected the amber fluid to scatter in all directions.

I knew of one woman who used to send out a tin can marked "milk"—often the stage fashion of labeling poisons, liquors, etc.—but I don't think it ever deceived any one.—New York Recorder.

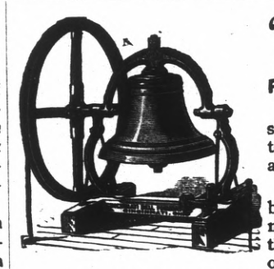
A Candid Confession.

Father of the Bridegroom—Before cementing this close relationship I think it but right to tell you that I once had a little unpleasantness which involved the loss of my liberty for a considerable period. Both my daughters are, I am sorry to say, rather flighty, my dear wife is suffering from kleptomania, and my son was mixed up in a little forgery affair. Won't that make any difference?

Father of the Bride—Not the slightest! From the fact that I am quite in favor of our alliance you may judge how matters stand in my family.—Schalk.

In England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers. In Italy their relative numbers (per 1,000 women and 1,000 men) are 136 and 60, in France 130 and 73, in Germany 130.5 and 50, in Australia 121 and 44.

Neversink, the name of a New York river, is a corruption of Ne-wa-sink, an Indian word meaning "Mad river."



"BLYMYER" BELLS

We are the sole makers of these Celebrated Bells FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM, &c.

In buying a "Blymyer" bell you will get for the same money a better bell—richer and sweeter in tone, one that can be heard further, and more durable—than of any other make whatsoever.

Our claims for the superiority of the "Blymyer" bells are amply supported by the disinterested testimony of several thousand purchasers throughout the United States and Canada. We give over 1,800 of these testimonials in our Catalogue.

THE CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO., CINCINNATI, O.
SUCCESSORS IN BELLS TO THE BLYMYER M'F'G CO.

JAMES LINFORTH,
General Agent for Pacific Coast,
37 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Brooklyn Hotel
208 to 212 Bush St., bet. Montgomery and Sansome, S. F. Cal.

This favorite Hotel is under the experienced management of Charles Montgomery, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Man's Hotel in San Francisco. Board and Room, per day, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2. Board and Room per week, $6 to $12. Board and Room per month, $25 to $50. Single Rooms, 50 cents to $1. FREE COACHES to and from the Hotel.

Chas. F. Fletter Elmer E. Johnson
ALAMEDA
Steam Laundry Association.
2245 Railroad Ave. Alameda, Cal.

J. T. FLEMING
Attorney-at-Law
530 California St. San Francitco
Savings' Union Building.
RESIDENCE: 1433 High Street, Alameda.

DR. LUDLUM HILL.
1443 MARKET STREET, between Tenth and Eleventh. No charge for extraction when plates are made. Old plates made over like new. Teeth from $8 per set. Extracting, 50 cts. Gas given.

PURE BEESWAX CANDLES
ALL SIZES
STEARINE CANDLES
TAPERS, ETC.
Pure Incense and Artificial Charcoal.
Eight Day Sanctuary Oil, Pure Olive Oil.
Orders taken for Vestments and Statutes, imported to order free of duty.
GALLAGHER BROS.
319 California Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

LIPPI BROS.
Manufacturers of Picture Frames, Mirrors, Etc.
DEALERS in Religious Pictures, Prayer Books, Rosaries, Scapulars, Statutes, etc. We make a specialty of enlarging Pictures in CRAYON, INDIA INK, or WATER COLORS from any small size photographs to a beautiful large size portrait at the very lowest prices and guaranteed the finest work in the city. Picture Frames for Portraits at half price.
1390 MARKET STREET.
Bet. Jones St. and City Hall Ave. S. F.

JOHN F. LYONS
NOTARY PUBLIC
—AND—
Commissioner of Deeds for All States and Territories
Passports Procured
Office, 607 Montgomery St.
Telephone 5439
Notarial Business can be transacted after business hours at his residence, 2202 Steiner Street, next N. E. corner Sacramento Street, San Franc co.

GEORGE GOODMAN
Patentee and Manufacturer of
Artificial Stone
In all its Branches
Schillinger's Patent
Sidewalk / Garden Walk } A Specialty
Office, 307 Montgomery St.
NEVADA BLOCK SAN FRANCISCO.

E. J. LEONARD, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE HOURS: 11 to 1, 3 to 5, 7 to 8.
LLOYD AVE., FRUITVALE, CAL.
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.
Telephone, 715 3BELLS.

A. WALDTUEFEL
Established in 1856.
History Building: 721 Market St.
SPECIAL AGENT FOR
F. Pustet & Co.; the Catholic Publication Co.; Benziger Bros.; D. & J. Sadlier & Co.; The Stolzenberg Co.; Burns & Oats, London.

Kelly's Universal, Young Catholic. Sadlier's Excelsior, and Gilmore's Catholic National Readers, Deharb's Catechism, Spaulding's Bible Histories.

Vestments, Brass Goods and Statuary, Small Religious Articles, Candles, Oils, etc.

EDUCATIONAL.

Santa Clara College
Santa Clara, Cal.
This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a university. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasium, swimming pond, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Aparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy and Commercial Business. Diplomas are given in the Classical Department, and certificates in the Commercial Course. Terms (payable semi-annually in advance)—Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $15. Board, lodging, tuition in all branches, washing and mending linen, school stationary, medical attendance and medicine, baths, etc., per session of ten month, $350. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 213 Hayes street, San Francisco. Illustrated Catalogue of the College free on application to
REV. JOSEPH RIORDAN, S. J.,
President.

St. Joseph's Academy
A select boarding school for boys under fifteen years of age. Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Fifth and Jackson Sts., Oakland, Cal. Parents or guardians intending to send their children or wards to a boarding school need but visit the Academy to be convinced that this institution admirably supplies a place hither vacant in the Collegiate System of education in this State. Pupils are received at any time during the terms. Payments, invariably in advance: Board, washing and mending linen, tuition, medical attendance, use of bedding, books and stationary, per term of five months, $150. Extras—Music: Piano, per month, $8. For further particulars apply to
BROTHER HUGH, Director.

Notra Dame College
San Jose, Cal.
Founded 1851. Incorporated 1855.
Studies resumed August 7, 1894.
Apply for Prospectus to
SISTER SUPERIOR.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR THE
California Catholic

LINES BY LEO XIII ON HIS DEATH.

The setting sun at this thy close of day
On thee, O Leo, sheds its parting ray.
Within thy withered veins, thy wasted frame,
Slow, slow burns downward life's expiring flame.
Death's arrow flies, the funeral veil unfolds,
The cold remains, the grave her conquest holds,
But swift the panting soul, her fetters riven,
Spreads her free wings and seeks her native heaven.
The long and toilsome road has reached its end.
Thy holy will, my Saviour, I attend,
And, if so great a grace thou canst accord,
Receive my spirit in thy kingdom, Lord!
—Churchman.

HIS SURPRISE.

Adam and Eve were probably the only wedded couple of whom no one ever said, "How could he?" or "How could she?"

Certainly, when the staid old bachelor, Jonas Hingham ("35 if he's a day!" said the wondering "other girls"), carried off Mary Morton, not yet out of her teens, right in the face and eyes of many admiring boys, a great many people wondered, "How could she?"

At home she occupied the sometimes questionable position of the middle one in a family of three daughters. Nobody doubted that she was good and useful, but she was not brilliant and fascinating like her older sister, Amy, nor was she a pretty doll of a girl to be petted as everybody petted her younger sister, Bess.

Amy had troops of beaux that she wound around her finger and made her most obedient slaves, but Jonas Hingham was Mary's first attentive escort, and his devotion and sincerity carried her heart by storm.

Jonas pleaded eloquently for an early wedding day, and Mary was nothing loath, for life with Jonas and for him seemed like paradise in anticipation.

He lived three miles away on a large farm, his father's and grandfather's before him. His father had been dead several years, and his mother, though still active and industrious, was too old to work as she had always done.

Everybody knew the Hinghams were forehanded, free from debt and with money at interest. The Mortons, on the contrary, had always lived from hand to mouth, Mr. Morton's trade never having sufficed to do much more than provide a home, with ample food and clothing, besides educating the girls as they wanted to be, with music and painting and all the ornamentals which girls in country villages sigh after.

It is safe to say that Mary never dreamed of the change it would be for her to go from her snug, pretty home into that great, bare farmhouse—like changing from soft, musical poetry to plain, dry prose.

Summer and winter the family had always worked and ate and sat in the great kitchen, except when company came. Then they rolled up the green paper shades in the sitting room and sat in there. Everything was stiff, bare, orderly and scrupulously clean.

"Stepping into Mother Hingham's shoes" meant more real, downright hard work than Mary had ever dreamed of, but she was young and strong and would not flinch when she saw that both Jonas and his mother expected her to be the notable, hardworking housewife the elder woman had always been.

Her hands grew brown and hard, her dresses grew old fashioned, and she had neither time nor care to remodel them, as she seldom went anywhere, except occasionally to church and more rarely still on a brief visit to her father's.

Then babies came as the years went by—boys, always boys.

"If I only had a girl," thought Mary sometimes, "she might grow up to help me and do all the light and pretty things that I have forgotten how to do, but these boys will never care for such things."

Mother Hingham lived but a few years after Mary came there. To the last she was happy and content, fond of Mary and at home in the farmhouse, still unchanged.

"Jonas will have to hire help for his wife, now that his mother is gone," people said.

But he didn't seem to think of that. As long as Mary did not complain he never dreamed she was overdoing or needed anything she did not have.

One of the established traditions of the house was that they must have a hired girl through haying time, never at any other time of the year unless in case of sickness.

So through harvesting and the fall housecleaning, the meat killing and the spring sugaring, up to haying time again, Mary's one pair of hands did the work till—she broke down.

Jonas was worried about indoor matters, not that he was so miserly he did not like to pay hired help, but who was to take care and oversee it all?

Of course the Mortons were as agitated as Jonas himself, and as much as they could came to the rescue, but Mrs. Morton was growing old and could not work as she once had done, and Amy had made a brilliant match years ago.

Bessie was still at home and single, but had never enjoyed going there when Mary was well, and with Mary sick it could not be thought of.

Jonas had bad luck finding capable indoor help, and it was a great relief to them all when Aunt Vi, Mr. Morton's maiden sister, came from the west, and not having any particular home anywhere willingly took the leadership in the Hingham household.

But somehow Mary didn't seem to gain at all, and Aunt Vi told Mrs. Morton that Mary seemed to have lost all interest in life.

"Jonas is just as kind as can be, and the boys are all smart and bright and fond of her. They are forehanded and have a good home, but it seems as if she doesn't care about living. I do think if she had an ambition to get well she would."

In the very depths of winter Mrs. Morton's sister from Boston, Mrs. Cramer, made a flying visit in town, her first visit to the place since Mary's marriage.

"You must go to see Mary in her own home," said Mrs. Morton, "but the poor child is too weak to visit much. We will go there together and spend the day, and it will gratify her, though she cannot enjoy it as if she was well."

"I'll sleep with Mary tonight and wait upon her," said Mrs. Morton to Aunt Vi, as bedtime came on, "and you can go up stairs and get a good night's rest."

"We'll sleep together, Aunt Vi," added Mrs. Cramer, "and keep each other warm and have a good visit besides."

Was it all chance that the chamber the two ladies occupied had in the wall an open stovepipe hole leading through to the one where Jonas slept with 5 year-old Teddy?

He slept soundly for awhile, but perhaps it was his good angel that woke him just in time to hear Aunt Vi ask, "What do you think about Mary?"

Mrs. Cramer was a lady who used not only her eyes and ears, but her brains as well. Being new to the Hingham house, she saw it through unaccustomed eyes, and she made up her mind fully.

"I think," she said impressively, "that she is starving to death!"

"For the land sakes!" ejaculated Aunt Vi. "You don't know what you're talking about. Such a provider as Jonas is! Always buys his flour by the barrel and keeps two sorts, one for bread and one for pastry; makes no end of maple sugar and buys all the white sugar a body has a mind to use; kills the nicest of pork and beef every winter, with turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks; lambs in the fall and the beautifulest veal every spring; buys fresh meat any time in the summer, and of course they have milk and cream and eggs of their own all the year round. He's always bringing home honey and fruit and oysters, any luxury he happens to see. He's too fond of good living himself to starve anybody in his house!"

"The eating is a very small part of true life," said Mrs. Cramer when Aunt Vi paused for breath. "I can see that Mary's mind and soul are starving here in this bare house, where work and utility are the foremost things and beauty and pleasure have no place. Her better nature is being literally starved to death."

No matter what further the ladies said, Jonas Hingham heard no more, though he neither put his fingers in his ears nor rose and stopped the stovepipe hole. Mrs. Cramer's words had opened his eyes to a naked, unpalatable truth and set him to such serious thinking and plannings that he had no ears for anything more.

"Mary looks brighter this morning," said Aunt Cramer at breakfast.

"She certainly does," said Jonas, "and I think your visit has done her good. I tell you what, Mary," he said, turning to her, "I want you to hurry up and get stronger, so that the first mild, pleasant day I can carry you to your father's to stay a week. I believe the change would do you good."

A warm, mellow day came like a smile into the heart of the winter. Jonas urged, and Aunt Vi seconded, till between them they wrapped her snugly, and cushioned in the warmest and softest of robes she took a sleigh ride to her father's house, where Jonas left her.

"And now, Aunt Vi," he said, coming in on his return, with his arms loaded with rolls of paper, "I want your help in a conspiracy. The long and short of it is that you and I and the boys and all the help we need are going to work with paint and paper and carpets and furniture to make this house look so Mary won't know it at all when she comes back."

The painters came the next day; the paperers followed. Jonas brought home nice carpets and women to make them. Loads of new furniture came to the door and new stoves to replace the forlorn, antiquated ones.

An elegant new bookcase was stocked with a well selected library, and choice pictures were purchased to hang on the renewed walls.

Jonas was not devoid of taste when he tried to exercise it, and when he doubted his own judgment he took counsel of those who were to be relied on.

One lovely day, the last of February, he went to bring her home. Aunt Vi and the boys waited patiently for their coming.

When the sleigh stopped at the door, Jonas lifted her carefully out and carried her, all wrapped, as she was, into the house, straight through the hall into the long unused parlor and placed her in the softest and easiest of easy chairs.

A soft colored carpet covered the floor, pretty paper adorned the walls, sunlight streamed in warm at the windows, but did not outshine the cheerful fire in the open stove, new books and magazines lay on the table, the canary in a gilded cage was trilling his best songs, and the plants in the sunniest window seemed smiling a welcome to their mistress.

"How pretty mother looks!" cried Teddy.

Truth to tell, a most becoming red had crept into the pale cheeks, perhaps a gleam from the rose colored future her husband was portraying.

Pills, powders and plasters were all given the go by, and Mary got well on happiness. Said Jonas:

"Furniture bills and all those things are no higher than doctors' bills and vastly more satisfying. Comfort and happiness are more pleasant to take than medicine and do more good. I've learned my lesson rather late in life, but I've learned it once for all."—Good Housekeeping.

Forest Fire Phenomena.

The phenomena of sheets of flame and balls of fire which accompany forest fires are explained by a writer as due to gases in the air, which arise from turpentine, resinous gums and volatile oils which exude from evergreen trees. These are easily ignited and explode in the air in dry weather.

A FORTUNE AT CARDS.

IT WAS WON BY JOHN SCOTT, THE "GENTLEMAN GAMBLER."

His Winnings at White's, In London, In the Last Century Exceeded $5,000,000. Though Illiterate, He Was a Man of the Most Precise Methods.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers of the close of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the immensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. On the subject of the campaigns he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossips.

Writing to Richard Bentley, from Arlington street, on Feb. 25, 1755, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost £32,000. The citizens put on their double channeled pumps and trudge to St. James street in expectation of seeing judgment on White's —— angels, with flaming swords, and devils flying away with diceboxes, like the prints in Sadler's hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of that luckless dicer, shot himself dead after losing the last of his fortune in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family of which Sir Walter was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of Wizard. A later Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II by marrying, when he was himself only 14 years old, a lady who was three years his junior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died at 13. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made a marriage with the pet son of Charles II, Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was 60 years later, or about 1750, that young John Scott, son of the Laird of Scot's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamesters that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away his fortune over the gaming table at White's. The one historic loser of that era was Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival. Fox gambled away, all told, no less than $5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost, or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Æschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portemonnaie in which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London, and amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, nothing "but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in dicing, at which a stupid man has as good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game heaven fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1780. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played a perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so steadily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night, while he was at the card table, news was brought to him that his wife, the first Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a girl.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for this young lady."

But in a few hours he was £8,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck returning, and at 7 a. m. he went home the winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gam-

ALMA MIA.

[Song from "Cybèle," a dramatic poem.]

I know her lips, I know her eyes,
Her smile that gilds the dawn of hope.
I stole them of the thrilling stars
That burn about her horoscope,
And with them love and all the charm
That makes her lithe soft limbs divine,
For while the mold of form is hers
The fragrance of her soul is mine.

I know the iris of the clouds;
I saw it in her lambent eyes;
The gentle blush she wears for me
I know was born in paradise.
And who shall doubt who knows so well
The truant truth of bliss divine
When all her graceful body saith
The fragrance of her soul is mine?

I know the silver strains of morn,
The bars of gold where sunsets reach
But best I know the mellow tones
And silvery music of her speech.
The bars of gold may daze my eyes,
The silvery strains my ears incline,
But sounds and sights are naught, because
The fragrance of her soul is mine.

What gold is to the miser this
Is more—aye, tenfold more—to me:
The rapture of a single kiss
Is love's divinest alchemy.
By stars and gems and sunset gold
Lo! men may carve and gods design,
But none the beauteous body mold
The fragrance of whose soul is mine.
—John Antrobus in Detroit Free Press.

THE FOOTBALL BOY.

It was a great cross to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett that Roger was apparently quite devoid of any worthy ambition. Their two older boys were so utterly different. Fred had been graduated from Yale with highest honors, and Horace was making remarkable progress at the Scientific school. In fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Roger was sadly unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent to college simply and solely for the purpose of learning to play football. Apparently nothing else had power to kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and his father and mother argued and expostulated with him in vain.

"You are frittering away your valuable time," they argued again and again, "and are letting slip golden opportunities, which, once gone, never will come back to you, and what have you to show for it all but a broken nose and a fractured collar bone?"

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scrabbling after a football?" his father questioned severely, to which Roger merely responded in his usual offhand style, "Who knows but I may be elected captain of the varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir. Are you to go on playing football forever and ever, or what do you propose to make of your life? Perhaps you think that your reputation as a football player will prove an 'open sesame' to all desirable positions. Do you suppose that any one wants a fellow who has willfully wasted his best opportunities? I had hoped to make a professional man of you—not a professional athlete—and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend Wilkinson Smalley, but it's no use. Smalley wants only young men of the highest promise," and Mr. Bartlett sighed wearily.

"It does no good to talk to Roger," he confided to his wife afterward, "for hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of football before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday and informed me that he had saved two tickets for us."

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her husband helplessly. "What did you say to him then?" she queried.

"I told him 'certainly not,'" Mr. Bartlett exclaimed warmly, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. 'Show me some lasting benefit, or any abiding good, that is to be derived from this ridiculous game,' I told him, 'and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not till then.'"

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field, Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendidly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, indifferent, easy going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

Not that Roger was by any means a dunce, for his class standing was fairly good, but what pained his father and mother was the recognition of what he might have accomplished had it not been for that arch enemy, football.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymnasium with all possible speed. They had some little distance to go, as the gymnasium was not very near the ball grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the center of the town and cross the railroad tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed and found the platforms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure half way across the tracks, a figure pausing there in bewilderment.

"There's a train coming each way," somebody gasped. "Why doesn't he get off of the track?"

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and very deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he prepared to step upon the track nearest him he had caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other down coming express when suddenly something very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank back with horror stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the terrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure in a much begrimed canvas jacket sprang out from among them, and clearing the tracks at a bound alighted beside the swaying form of the other.

A shudder, and a wave of pitiful regret swept over the motionless crowd. "He can never drag him back in time," they breathed. "They will both be killed! Oh, the pity of it!"

But our football man had no thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground between the two tracks, for all the world quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field. Then he dropped lightly on top of him and lay there motionless, while the two trains thundered past on each side of them, and the crowd stood waiting spellbound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode it was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved only a bit of melodrama after all, yet as Roger jumped up and pulled the old man on to his feet applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his ears.

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation, Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake, was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded impatiently. "They need not make such a fuss because I knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

Saturday nights generally brought the scattered members of the Bartlett family together, as the collegians always made a point of coming home to spend Sunday under the parental roof tree.

On this particular Saturday evening all were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unruffled composure.

But Roger said nothing upon the vital subject, and Fred looked at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football team and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early tonight, I think," he yawned as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely wended his way up stairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered as he disappeared from the room.

At this, Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's football that's done it the sooner that we all go in for the game the better," and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and which sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who could not understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Bartlett received a note from his old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR BARTLETT—I hear that your Roger is going in for the law, and if so I want him. When he gets through with the law school, you can hand him over to me, for he's just the material that I am on the lookout for, and you may well be proud of him. He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him. With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me ever your friend,
WILKINSON SMALLEY.

When Roger came home the following Saturday, his father handed him the note, remarking, "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in future, and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week. Is that so?"

Roger nodded.

"Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touchdown."—Caroline Ticknor in Boston Transcript.

Our Debt to Europe.

"Is it true," I asked a great thinker, "that England alone holds $2,500,000,000 of United States securities, bearing interest, including exchange, of 6 per cent payable in gold?"

"Yes, according to the public statements of London statisticians. The secretary of the treasury says there is no public record in this country showing the amount of foreign investments. We must therefore go to Europe to learn not only how much we are in debt to Great Britain, but that at least $500,000,000 additional of United States investments are held in France and Germany. This makes a total in three countries of $3,000,000,000, imposing an interest charge, including exchanges, of $180,000,000 per annum. A nice state of serfdom, isn't it?"—Kate Field's Washington.

Very Severe on Him.

Gus de Smith—Ah, Miss Birdie, I weally fear I fatigue you.

Birdie McGinnis—I would not be so rude, Mr. de Smith, as to contradict you.—Tammany Times.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE'S GRAVE.

The Most Popular Spot In Trinity Churchyard, New York.

A few days ago passersby in Broadway, looking through the high fence that surrounds Trinity churchyard, saw a slender black gowned girl kneeling by the grave of Charlotte Temple. Her head was bowed in her hands, and she seemed utterly lost to her surroundings. After awhile she arose with a very pale face, walked swiftly through the gates and disappeared in the crowd. She was only one of many devotees at the shrine of the poor girl who died for love. Nobody ever visits Trinity churchyard without pausing for a few minutes before the big brown slab that bears only the name "Charlotte Temple."

"Oh, yes!" said the gray haired old man whose duty it is to see that the ancient tombs are kept in order. "It is the most popular grave in the yard. I have been here going on 17 years now, and there have been very few days in good weather when the grave has not had a visitor. Several times I have seen women come here and stand in the cold and sleet and snow looking at the tomb. Somehow they always look as if they were in trouble.

"Seven or eight years ago I began to put potted flowers, geraniums and the like on the grave, and I have kept it up every summer since. It is mainly to mark the grave, so that visitors can find it. It is the only grave in the yard that has flowers on it. Otherwise the people would bother me to death. When they ask me where the grave of Charlotte Temple is now, I simply tell them that it is over on the west side with some potted flowers on it. That saves me a deal of trouble.

"Several of the gravestones are crumbling badly and will have to be repaired if the descendants of the dead want to perpetuate their memory. See; here is the oldest grave in the place."

Then the old man swept away a layer of dust from a crumbling gray stone and showed the date, 1681. "We have several that date almost as far back," said he, "but none of them is so popular as that of Charlotte Temple."

Then the ancient attendant tucked his broom under his arm, picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled away among the graves.—New York Herald.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Ranier, Shasta, Hood and Other Fine Mountains of the Far Northwest.

About 50 miles south of Tacoma you get a view of the most beautiful mountain peak on the earth's surface, Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, and carry it with you for three or four hours. It rises directly from the tide level to a height of 14,444 feet, unhidden by intervening ranges or foothills, and stands squarely against the sky, the perfection of magnificence, dignity and power. It is two and one-half times as high as Mount Washington, and I believe the highest peak in the world that rises directly from a plain. It is known to us in the east as Mount Ranier and was so called in honor of Admiral Ranier of the British navy, but here they call it Mount Tacoma, the old title given by the Siwash Indians before the white man came. The base is covered with a dense forest of ever living green. Above the timber line the snow is white and smooth and perpetual, and it looks as if it were a solid block of the purest marble.

Mount Tacoma is just two feet higher than Mount Shasta, 297 feet higher than Pike's peak and 400 feet higher than Gardiner's peak. The highest in the United States, Mount Crillon, Alaska, is over 16,000, but an exact measurement has never been taken. Mount St. Elias, Alaska, is 15,327; Mount Whitney, California, is 15,088, and Mount Williams, California, is 14,400.

There are several other very beautiful peaks visible from the railway, including St. Helen, 9,750 feet, the patron saint of Portland, around whose head hangs a perpetual halo; Mount Hood, which is a shapely cone, 11,225 feet, which was named in honor of Lord Hood of the British admiralty, and Mount Baker, 10,800 feet, christened in honor of Joseph Baker, one of the lieutenants of Peter Puget, who discovered the sound. Theodore Winthrop has written lovingly about them, and they are the subject of the purest and choicest descriptions that exist in the classic prose of Washington Irving, although I believe he was never nearer them than his home on the Hudson river, 3,000 miles away.—Chicago Record.

The Romance of a Watch.

Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned, has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented the composer with a repeating watch, studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nobody in Bologna could clean the watch, so it was sent in the care of the tenor Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroyed in a fire. Plivee, the watchmaker, thereupon made a second watch, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the diamonds were false, and Rossini, who never discovered this pious fraud, wore the trinket all his life. On his death it passed to a relative, whose son has just sold it. It is said to contain an excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini as he was in 1824.

A Dog's Palace.

Baron Farnchetti, the father of the composer, has had a dog kennel erected in his palace at Venice, made throughout of marble. The ceiling is decorated with a splendid mosaic, entitled "The Chase of Diana." The eating and drinking vessels of the dogs are said to be of embossed silver. Of course the kennel is lighted by electricity.—Familienblatt.

Not Her Will.

Agnes—What are you writing, Minnie? Your will?

Minnie—No. I'm writing my won't. George proposed last night, and I told him I'd answer today.—London Sketch.

THINGS YOU CAN BUY.

A LIST OF ARTICLES NOT GENERALLY CONSIDERED MERCHANTABLE.

Time and Water For Sale In New York. Electricity and Power Are Daily Bought, and a View Has Value In Real Estate. People Who Sell Their Dead Bodies.

In New York, as in other great cities, where the fight for life is fiercest, there is a price for everything—even under certain conditions for the very air we breathe. Father Time himself is on sale. The Western Union Telegraph company has desks in the national observatory in Washington. Four minutes before noon the wires of the system all over the United States are cleared of business, and the instant the sun passes the seventy-fifth meridian electricity carries the news to every city. The time ball falls in New York at noon, in Chicago at 11 a. m., in Omaha at 10 a. m. and in San Francisco at 9 a. m., in simultaneous obedience to that single click from the instrument at Washington.

In all the large cities the Western Union has supplied business houses, banks and offices with electric clocks that respond obediently to the daily mandate. Each of these rents for $15 per year, and in New York alone over 8,000 have been put up. Last year's revenue to the telegraph company from the sale of time approximated $1,500,000.

Water is sold regularly to the ships in the harbor, and the "water boats," with big tanks on board, are familiar objects to all yachtsmen. Brooklynites will recall the discomfort incident to the breaking of a big main not long since, and the people of Newark cannot forget the annoyance and cost of their experience three years ago. The supply from the Passaic was like mud soup, and for the time being the owners of an artesian well in the Oranges did a large trade in water. The householders of Roseville and those even farther down town watched for the morning water carts more eagerly than ever a milkman was awaited and saw a sufficient quantity for the day provided before taking train for New York.

Ordinarily there is no sale for air; but, like water, when a man wants it he wants it "mighty bad." This for awhile was the case at Libby prison, where, before the prisoners organized a sort of government of their own, it was customary for the stronger men to get as near the windows as they dared and then sell their places to weaker comrades who were gasping for breath. Fire, of course, in the form of various combustibles is a recognized commodity.

One frequently hears of those who suffer from strange and incurable diseases and who make comfortable their last days by selling their bodies to the surgeons for dissection.

At church and other sorts of fairs kisses may sometimes be purchased, the tariff varying according to the purse of the kisser or the charms of the kissee. Reduced gentlewomen often derive revenue by chaperoning and introducing to good society the daughters of the newly rich. Invitations to select balls occasionally represent a large outlay, and it probably costs as much to get into the swell set as it does to gain a seat in congress. The social aspirant makes "presents," while the political is "assessed."

Relics, sacred, profane and ghastly, have their price. Autographs of famous people are always in demand, and a bit of the rope with which a murderer has been hanged is valued by gamblers and the superstitious. In Paris it is customary, once a year, to sell at auction the personal effects of those who have been executed, and this always attracts a large crowd of purchasers. Locks of hair from the heads of noted beauties or celebrated men are marketable.

Charms, including, of course, the rabbit's foot, dear to the African heart, bring revenue to their cunning devisers, and astrologers and fortune tellers have a clientele respectable in numbers. Lucky stones and madstones are prized by those who believe in their virtues.

Consumptives often pay for the privilege of drinking fresh blood as it pours from the necks of butchered animals at the slaughter house, hoping that the sanguine draft may stay the ravages of disease. The big hotels in New York and elsewhere derive some income from the sale of unspoiled scraps of food to the keepers of cheap restaurants, and thus the latter are able to serve their patrons with large bowls of stew at a maximum price of 10 cents.

On the east side of this city several people eke out a scanty living by writing letters for the illiterate. Even the four leaved clover may be turned into coin. A big business is done in selling electricity and steam power, while many a man in New York is paying a high price for sunlight. A "view" adds materially to the value of a house.—New York World.

Why Bulls Hate a Red Flag.

In the first place, says an English writer, red is a color to which cattle are unaccustomed, so that they may naturally be supposed to be startled by its very novelty. Scientists show the sensation of red to be the complement of that of green, being induced by exactly opposite affections of the retina.

If the eyes of cattle are constructed on a similar principle to our own, the continual contemplation of green, as in trees and herbage, must produce a state of retinal fatigue, predisposing a violent excitement of the retina immediately a red substance is presented to view.

Disraeli and Biggar.

When Disraeli first set eyes on Mr. Biggar in the house of commons, he said to his fidus Achates, "What is that?" "That, sir, is the honorable member for So-and-so." "Really!" replied the other. "I thought it was a leprechaun," which is a small but malignant species of Irish fairy.—San Francisco Argonaut.

ON A NEBRASKA FARM.

Life Was Only a Dreary Waste When the Grasshoppers Came.

It was well on in August, and the drought had done its worst to the corn. It was a hot, sultry day, as parched and dry as all the days before. The sky was clear but for the usual haze that never left it, the haze of wearing heat. About noon my father came up from the field and summoned us to see something that looked like snow. The air about the sun seemed filled with snowflakes, thick, innumerable, and flitting rapidly, as snowflakes do. But snowflakes and the clear atmosphere and the hot day were quite incompatible things. They could not be snowflakes, but what else could they be? We racked our brains in vain to imagine. Perhaps it was some kind of a cyclone which had lifted leaves and dust and other such things into the air. But there was no signs of that, and every one of the snowflakes was of regular size, with no such irregularity as sticks and branches and leaves carried into the air would present.

We ate dinner in puzzled uncertainty as to what was hanging over us. But two hours later it was painfully apparent what the snowflakes in the sun really were. They were full grown grasshoppers. By 4 o'clock the air was clear and serene, and the grasshoppers were with us. They were not a few thousand insects, miserable little pests, flitting about in the air and getting into your face when you were out of doors. They were millions upon millions. The trees became brown with them. They covered the corn as some insects will literally hide from view a leaf sometimes. They were hungry, too, and began to eat leaves, cornstalks, the bark of trees, anything and everything was needed to fill this ravenous army that had fallen upon us from heaven. One went out of doors and stepped on scores at each stride. They crawled up your trousers legs and under women's skirts. They made holes in the cloth fly netting and came into the house. They plumped hard into your face with a little whacking sting wherever you went or did not go. Everything seemed alive with them.

I was young then and was filled simply with a curious wonder. But as I think of it now I am sure my father must have been quite overpowered with discouragement when he saw what the grasshoppers really meant. He saw on the first day that they had alighted to get a square meal and certainly meant to have it. But day after day they lingered, and new terrors developed in them. They had alighted to lay their eggs. The soft earth in the plowed fields seemed to please them for this purpose, and each day you might see grasshoppers 1½ or 2 inches long boring their tails into the ground until only their heads remained above. There they would stay from morning until night and then go away. If you examined this earth nest when the bird had flown, you would find a soft, silky cocoon filled with innumerable small, pulpy eggs which meant a whole crop of grasshoppers the following spring.—Alpheus Sherman Cody in Independent.

Fly Catchers.

A gentleman who went into the woods region on a hunting excursion and "put up" at a farmhouse in a remote clearing was annoyed during the daytime with the abundance of flies that found access to the house. But when twilight of evening came he was treated to an exhibition of fly catching that more than repaid him for his vexation. The windows were opened as the darkness settled down, and the hostess' tallow dip only partially dispelled the gloom in the old fashioned kitchen, when he suddenly became aware of odd creatures darting to and fro in the room, often coming almost into his face, while a queer little noise of "snip, snip, snip," seemed to follow their velvety fluttering motions. For an instant he was startled, not knowing what to make of such intruders.

"It's only the bats," said the lady quietly as she pursued her work. "They are catching flies. Don't you hear 'em snip off their wings? There'll be hundreds of fly wings on the floor here in the morning."

The gentleman arose early and looked for the wings, and sure enough the floor and tables were littered with them.—Lewiston Journal.

The Fortune Hunter's Dilemma.

"Well?" said the handsome fortune hunter to the rich man's plain daughter. "Well, my sweet?"

"It is no good," she sobbed, "no good. Father is hard as iron. He will not hear of the match."

"Oh!"

"He says that if I marry you I shall not have a penny from him."

"My poor darling!"

"But listen. I have made up my mind."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Jack!" cried the plain girl, throwing her arms around the fortune hunter's neck, "Jack, I intend to marry you in spite of all!"

"Oh, mon Dieu!" groaned the fortune hunter.—Pick Me Up.

Rules to Regulate Our Conduct.

A man should be wise in dispute, a lion in the battle and conflict, a teacher in his household, a counselor in the nation, an arbitrator in his vicinity, conscientious in action, content with his state, regular in his habits, diligent in his calling, faithful in his friendship, temperate in his pleasures, deliberate in his speech, devoted to his God. So he will be happy in his life, easy in his death and an esteemed example to his successors.—New York Ledger.

A chapel in honor of St. Paul gave a new name to the Minnesota city. It was originally called Pig's Eye, from a nickname given to a one eyed Frenchman who kept a drinking shanty at the place.

The Pend d' Oreille lake, in Idaho, took its name from its shape, which resembles that of an earring.

The San Francisco Examiner

IS NOW OFFERING

The Finest and Most Valuable Art and Historical Work Yet Presented to the Public in the "Examiner's" Famous Coupon Series, Entitled

"EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE."

RETRACED DURING THE YEAR 1894

WITH NOTE BOOK AND CAMERA

Five Hundred Original Photographic Views and Description of the Places Connected with the Life of Christ and His Apostles.

A Superb Religio-Educational Fine Art Series, to be issued in 24 parts. . . . . .

This wholly unique and thoroughly "up-to-date" publication comprises the results of months of observation, involving

Three Separate Tours of the Holy Land.

The journeyings of the Son of Mary and His Apostles have been traced and gone over, the itinerary including not only all Biblical points of interest in Palestine, but also taking the reader to Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and the Archipelagic Islands.

NO. 1.
This Coupon and 10 Cents Mailed or Delivered to the Examiner Office Good for One Part "EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE."
POSTAGE FREE

Cut a coupon and send it with 10 cents to the Examiner, 6 Market Street, San Francisco, and the first number will be sent by return mail.

STORIES OF DR. HOLMES.

A Young Woman Who Didn't Like His Literary Taste.

The story is recalled of a young Virginia country girl dining in Boston some years ago, in the days when Dr. Holmes went to dinners. Seated next to her was a homely, little old gentleman whose name she did not catch. He began to talk with her and asked her how she passed her time in the country.

"Oh, we read, my father and I!" she said.

"And what do you read?" asked the little man.

"Well, the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' for one thing," she answered.

"I should think you would not care to read that more than once," remarked the little old man with a sign of disappointment in his tones.

"My father and I may not be judges of literature," said Miss Virginia airily and with a faint accent of scorn, "but when we get to the end of the 'Autocrat' we generally turn back to the beginning and read it over again."

The little old man smiled at this and was disposed to be friendly, but Miss Virginia was so displeased with his tone concerning the "Autocrat" that she met him with chilly indifference.

As soon as the guests went into the drawing room her hostess whispered reproachfully to her:

"You didn't seem to find Dr. Holmes as interesting as I hoped."

"Dr. Holmes!" shrieked Miss Virginia. There were a tableau and an explanation.

Another story of Holmes' wit is told. One day old Dr. Peabody was to meet him at a certain place. The venerable professor rode in a carriage. When he got there, he was met by Holmes, who had walked. Near by was a statue of Eurydice. And Holmes said:

"Ah, you ride, I see!"

"Capital, capital!" cried Peabody.

That night he went back home and said to his wife:

"Holmes got off a good joke today." His wife asked him what it was.

"Why, I was to meet him down at the statue of Eurydice, and when I arrived, he said quite happily, 'Oh, you came in a carriage!'"

And then the genial professor wondered why his wife didn't laugh.

Trees and Their Lodges.

The United States entomological commission has shown that our forest trees are veritable hotels, where a multitude of insects board and lodge. The oak provides provisions and a home for 309 species of insects and lodgings for 150 more. The elm makes full provision for the wants of 61 species and harbors 30 others. The pine bears the burden of supporting from its own vitality 151 species, while 20 more love its shady retreat.

LET THE HUNTER DON GAY COLORS.

It Lessens the Chances of Somebody Taking a Shot at Him.

"You would naturally think that the hunter out for game would wear clothes of soft, unobtrusive colors harmonizing with the landscape," said the veteran sportsman. "Yet, stalking moose and deer in the Maine woods, I select apparel pronounced in hue and often wear a red necktie or hatband. This I do to lessen the danger of being shot through mistake.

"Of the great army of hunters that each fall range the woods of the Pine Tree State there are few that will not sometimes venture a shot into moving bushes on the chances that the invisible object that rustles them may be a deer. The fool sportsman, who is largely in evidence in the shooting season, will do so every time. If it be a man in the bushes, any striking colors of his costume are apt to catch the eye of the one preparing to fire and prevent the shot being fired.

"The danger of alarming game by such costume? That is not enough to be taken into account. Everything striking in color is more likely than not to excite their curiosity and draw them toward the hunter if he work with proper slowness and caution. Besides that all the antlered game trust almost wholly to their senses of hearing and smelling to warn them of the approach of danger, and if you can baffle those faculties you need have little fear of their taking alarm from the sight of you.

"But, speaking of costume, don't wear black, else every ninny, and even some experienced sportsman, seeing you among the trees, would let drive at you, believing he was going to bag a bear."—New York Sun.

An "Urgent Case."

Few things vex a doctor more than to be sent for in great haste at an unseasonable hour, only to find upon arrival that little or nothing is the matter with the patient.

An eminent surgeon was called to an "urgent case" of this sort and found that the patient, who was a man of great wealth, but small courage, had received a very slight wound from a fall.

The surgeon's face did not betray his irritation, but he gave his servant orders to go home with all possible haste and return with a certain plaster. The patient, turning very pale, said anxiously:

"I trust, sir, there is no great and immediate danger?"

"Indeed there is!" answered the surgeon. "Why, if that fellow doesn't run like a race horse, there's no telling but your wound will heal before he gets back with the plaster!"—Montreal Star.

OUR TRIPLE PREMIUM OFFER

—NO. 1—

TRUE LIKENESS OF OUR SAVIOR

Elegantly framed in OAK; size 20x16 inches, with passepartout, and one year's subscription for $4.65.

—NO. 2—

County Map of IRELAND

Size 2½x4 feet; printed in twelve colors, embellished with portraits of IRISH HEROES. Free with one year's subscription ($1.50) and 10 cents to cover postage and packing.

—NO. 3—

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size 17x14 inches, executed to order and satisfaction guaranteed together with three months' subscription for $1.00.

NOW FOR OUR WORKERS.

Everybody knows that the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is the favorite Catholic Weekly of the Pacific Slope. It is easy to get subscribers for it; but we don't want you to work unrequited. To any one who will send us the names of

Three Subscribers

Accompanied by $4.50

to pay for their subscriptions we will present an imperial quarto volume of over four hundred pages, entitled

THE WORLD'S SWEETEST SONGS

The book is embellished with steel engravings of the world's famous cantitrices. We are not going to say much about this book but every one of your friends will want a copy of it. (Sent by mail postpaid to subscribers for $2.50.) For

Five Subscribers

we have another gem—a presentation volume of prose and poetry entitled

BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT

These are a selection of the most beautiful extracts in the English language, and the volume is a vast treasury of choice productions in poetry and prose and song, from the literature and music of all ages. Its 660 pages are embellished with superb steel plate engravings.

Remit $7.50 and send the names of five subscribers and the work will be at once forwarded to you. (Sold to Subscribers only at $4.50.)

FOR TEN SUBSCRIBERS

When accompanied by $15 is offered the gem of the series. Just imagine a

Framed Water * Color Portrait

valued at $20, which we will absolutely give you, for securing for us, not less than 10 annual subscribers. This is an offer that only needs a couple of hours work a day to obtain, and you have something that will last you a lifetime. The picture is incomparably beautiful. (Sold to Subscribers only for $7.50.)

These are three chances of a lifetime, and will only be offered for a short time.

Prompt delivery of premiums guaranteed. Address all orders to the publisher

HENRY I. FISHER,
ROOM 10 MONTGOMERY BLOCK,
San Francisco.